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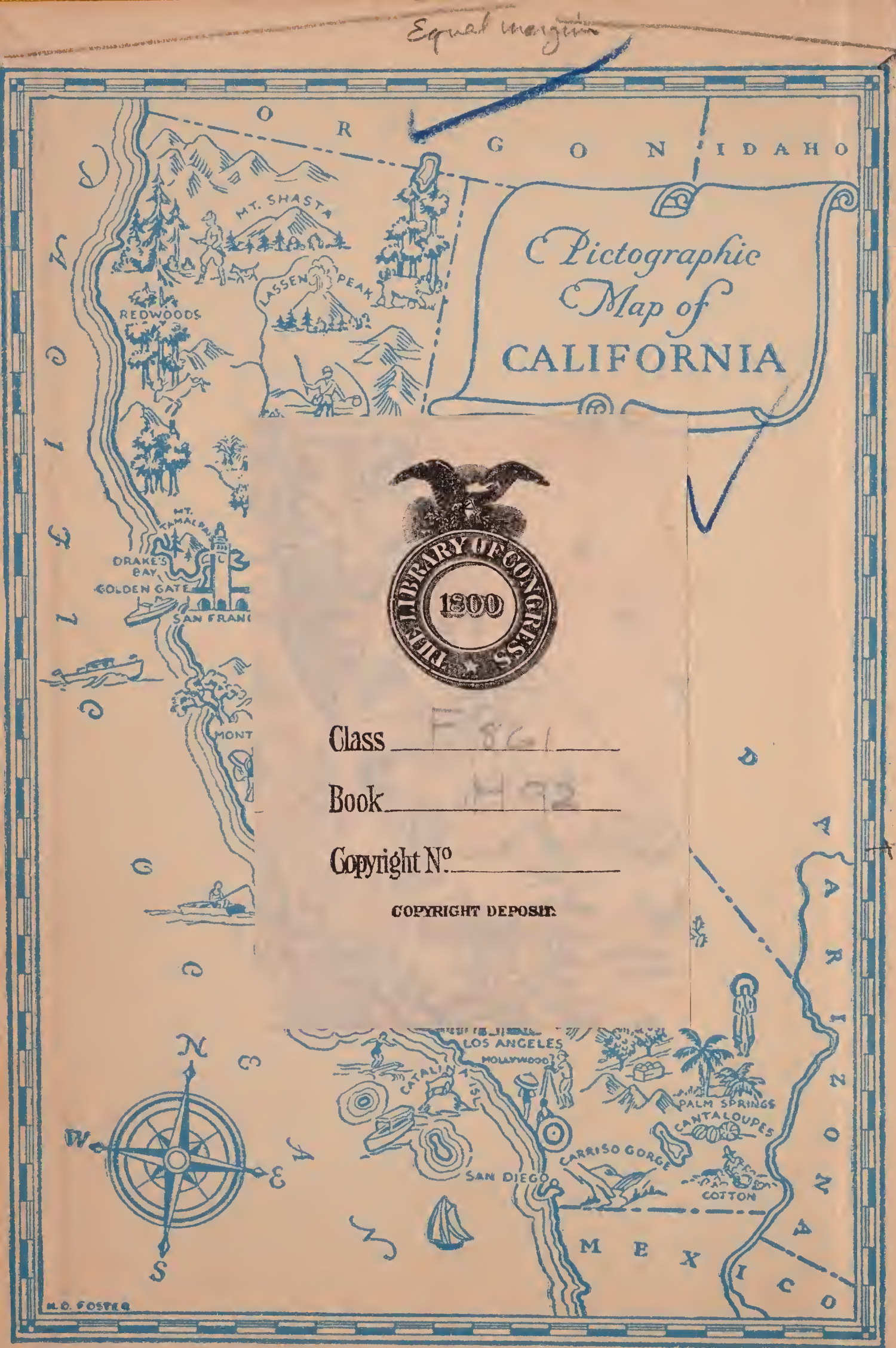

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SAN JOAQUIN R.
CENTRAL VALLEY
MONTEREY BAY
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Fresno
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San Bernardino
Riverside
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NEVADA
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THE STATE CAPITOL AT SACRAMENTO

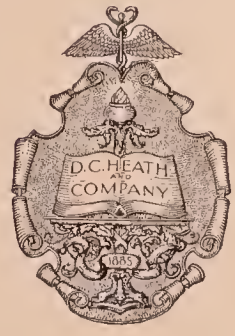
CALIFORNIA

A LITTLE HISTORY OF A BIG STATE

BY

ROCKWELL D. HUNT

Dean of the Graduate School
University of Southern California
Author of *California the Golden*



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B.C.H. 10 July 31

TO MY GRANDDAUGHTERS

IMOGEN DOROTHY-MAY HUNT

AND

PAULA THERESA HUNT

NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF CALIFORNIA

THIS BOOK IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFACE

THIS book has been prepared primarily for children. It is well known that there are already available a number of children's books dealing with certain phases of California life and history, such as stories of the Indians, great explorers and discoverers, the Missions, and the Gold Days. But so far as the present author is aware, there is no single volume, at once authoritative and simple enough to meet the requirements of a little child, sufficiently comprehensive to be available as a first general textbook in California history. It is the present purpose to provide such a book, which, while narrating the salient features in the long course of history, attempts to preserve a just sense of proportion, to present a picture with a true perspective of background and foreground.

That the fascinating history of California is a proper subject of study for even the very young school children of the state has come to be regarded as axiomatic. Alert teachers have come to recognize this as never before. The significance of the truth is heightened, however, when it is remembered that there is a constant influx of families into California from remote centers, and that among this ever-increasing population there is an almost total ignorance of the charm of the Arcadian days and of the successive episodes of our romantic and fruitful history.

The prepared teacher will encourage the child to become alert — for example, by asking for other paragraph headings than those used, and by stimulating questions whose answers may not be found in this book. There should be full opportunity for free expression by the child. The effectiveness of the book may be increased by actual participation on the part of the children in appropriate exercises, by the frequent use of selected pictures, as well as of models and other illustrative materials. An excursion to some old mission, or plaza, or prominent landmark, or a visit to a near-by museum of history, or an exhibition of simple pageantry on an anniversary occasion will prove of great interest and permanent value.

No apology is offered for the omission in the book, itself, of the

end-of-the-chapter questions and exercises typical of the usual textbook. It is felt that the young reader will find the story of California more attractive without these pedagogical appendages, and, for that matter, that any competent teacher can readily provoke from her pupils all the suggestive questions, exercises, and discussions that may be needed for classroom use.

It is quite obvious that there are certain episodes in California history which it would be inappropriate or impossible to present in a manner suited to the minds of young children. However, these are not of sufficient historical importance to cause their omission seriously to mar the truth or perspective of the picture as a whole as it is here presented.

Here and there it has been found advisable to include a few technical terms — this also by design. The meaning of such terms is usually made clear by the descriptive matter of the context; when mastered, these terms form interesting additions to the child's vocabulary and are to be accounted valuable acquisitions.

It is hoped that the use of this little book, coupled with the influence of the prepared and sympathetic teacher, will contribute toward making the children of the schools proud of the fact that they are Californians. And, though written in a style of the utmost simplicity and intended primarily for the little folks, the further hope is indulged that it may not be devoid of interest to children of older years — even, perhaps, to those beyond the borders of the Golden State.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Mary Belle Murray, Supervisor of California History in the elementary schools of Los Angeles, for invaluable assistance in suiting this book to the needs of the children and for her constant and unfailing interest during the course of its preparation. The author also desires to acknowledge his special indebtedness to Mr. Robert H. Lane, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Los Angeles for reading and criticising the manuscript and offering most helpful encouragement. Thanks are also due to Mr. Laurance L. Hill of the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles, to the Chambers of Commerce of Los Angeles, Sacramento, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Pasadena, and San José, and to the Los Angeles Museum for the use of selected photographs for purposes of illustration. To all the kind friends who by word of encouragement or spirit of coöperation have contributed to the preparation of this little book the author makes grateful acknowledgment.

ROCKWELL D. HUNT

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PART I: BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

CHAPTER I

THE INDIANS

The first people who lived in California were Indians. For long ages before the time when the white men came, many thousands of them lived in the valleys and on the hills of California. In some ways these were like the Indians of the East in their looks and in the way they lived, but in other ways they were very different from the red men of the East as well as from the Aztecs of Mexico. You will surely wish to know more about them.

How They Looked. — Most of the California Indians were short and heavy, but some of the mountain tribes were tall and fine looking. There was a chief named Solano who was said to be more than six and a half feet tall.

Some tribes were of rather light color, others were of a dark color, and there was every shade of color in between. Those that lived near the seaside or in the open sunshine had very dark skin — some of them almost black, while those that lived in the forest or other places away from the direct sunshine were much lighter. But all had straight black hair, and men as well as women wore their

hair long. They had small dark-brown eyes, and their cheek bones looked a good deal like those of the Chinese.

Their Clothing. — In the warm valleys the Indians wore very little clothing. During the summer months there was little need for clothing. In cold weather the children sometimes wore rabbit-skin or deerskin cloaks, and the women wore short skirts made of grass or bulrushes called tules. But they were fond of pretty things; so they had bright feathers from birds, and beads made from shells for their odd-looking headdresses and belts. Some of the tribes trimmed their clothes with the beaks of certain kinds of birds, or teeth of animals, or shining pieces of shell. When the men could find porcupines, they used their quills in making designs on the skirts. Some of the Indians wore bowl shaped hats that looked like small baskets, and most of them painted queer patterns on their faces and bodies. They thought this made them better looking.

Their Food. — Nature was very good to the Indians in California, for they could find many kinds of food without much work. And if they had enough to eat, they did not see why they should work. Most of their food was vegetable of some kind, such as leaves, roots, twigs from trees, many kinds of seeds, nuts, and berries. Acorns were used a great deal. These were first dried, then pounded or ground up in a stone mortar into coarse meal, soaked for a long time in the sand to take away the bitter taste, then made into a sort of coarse bread. Pine nuts were a favorite food. A good deal of wild

clover was eaten in the spring time, and different kinds of greens.

The Indians liked meat and fish, too; but these were not usually so easy to get. Mussels and clams were plentiful along the seacoast. Some huge mounds of shells have been found that tell us how fond the Indians were of shellfish many, many years ago. They caught different kinds of fish with hooks and snares. They also used spears and nets. Salmon they were always glad to have.

Grasshoppers were dried and eaten, and when they found some young yellow-jackets they had a real treat. Then we must not forget gophers, lizards, snakes, mice, cottontails, squirrels, ducks, geese, and a hundred other kinds of animals and insects. Nearly every living thing they could lay their hands on was used for food. Large game, like the deer and the antelope, was caught in traps or snares more often than it was hunted with bows and arrows. They did not care to bother the grizzly bear. When hunting, the Indians showed great patience, and they never seemed to be in a hurry.

The Indians at Home. — Most of the Indians had their simple homes in queer little houses called wikiups, made of long willow poles driven into the ground, with the upper ends drawn together and tied with tough thongs. These huts were covered with grass and earth, and they looked much like big bowls turned upside down. Many of these huts taken together with the people living in them formed a village, and this was called a rancheria. In each village was to be found one large assembly room,

Los Angeles Museum

AN INDIAN VILLAGE

which was called the *temescal*, or sweat house. In this room the Indians had their tribe meetings; it was also used as a sort of hospital, and as a room for village dances. After dancing for hours the Indians would dash outside and jump into the cold water of the creek.

The Indian mother had plenty of hard work to do. She was often kept busy from sunrise till dark. It was she who gathered the wood and brush for the fire and prepared the food, dressed the deer and squirrel skins, wove the beautiful baskets, and did whatever her husband asked her to do. The women spent much time in pounding and grinding the acorns or grain in the stone mortar with the heavy pestle, or pounder, until the meal was fine enough to be made up into cakes. Have you ever seen one of these Indian mortars?

How the Indians Played. — The Indians of California were simple folks, but they had happy times. They were very fond of dancing. Of course they had war dances, but they also had peace dances. They danced when another tribe came to visit them, and they danced when they had their winter's supply of acorns, nuts, and berries all ready to store away. The children did not have many toys, but you may be sure the boys had fun learning to use their little bows and arrows, and learning to swim, as they did when they were little children. Even if their games were simple, the Indian boys and girls loved to play, just as other children do.

And these people sang a great deal. I am afraid you wouldn't understand much of their singing — you might

not call it singing at all — but in their own strange way they sometimes sang all night long so loudly that it was very hard for anybody to sleep.

Indian Legends. — The Indians had many stories about the earth they lived in, about how they were made, and about the great spirit world. The most important bird was the eagle, and the wisest animal was the coyote. They tried to explain the thunder and lightning, how the first light came, how fire was made, and how the world itself was created. Nature was the Indian's God.

You will learn more of what happened to the Indians after white men came, and why there are not so many Indians in California now as there were in the long ago. But it is pleasant now to remember that some of our pretty names are really Indian names. I know you must have heard of Colusa, and Modoc, and Shasta, and Mono, and Suisun, and of other Indian names.

Before the whites came to California, the Indians did not know how to read or write; they had never heard of such things. But like other Indians they had many old customs and legends that the older ones taught to their children.

These stories about spirits, about the wonderful things animals and birds could do, and about the powers of the sun and the moon, seem very strange to us. None of them is more strange than the legend of El Dorado, and everybody knows that the name El Dorado has something to do with gold.

The Legend of El Dorado. — From the very first, California was thought of as a land of gold. The first time

that the word California was printed in a book, years before Cortés conquered Mexico, it was given as the name of a magic island, where gold was the only metal, and where there was plenty of it all about.

El Dorado was really not the name of a country or a state at all, but of a man, and it means "the gold-covered one." Many tribes of Indians had their own stories of El Dorado, the Golden; he was supposed to come from an island somewhere in the East. We have read about an Indian prince, called El Dorado, who lived in Colombia, which is in South America. Once a year his body was covered with oil; then small bits of gold were sprinkled all over him, and he was taken out in a boat to the middle of the lake, where he would dive into the water and wash the gold off his body as a gift to the god of lakes and rivers. At the same time the people on the shore would throw small pieces of gold into the lake. El Dorado seemed to be the sun god of Indian tribes in South America and North America alike. He taught the people to be kind to everybody.

El Dorado was often thought of as a white man, and that helps to explain why the Indians were at first so friendly to Cortés and other Spanish leaders, who seemed like gods to them. When the missionaries pointed upward to the sky in teaching the Indians about the Heavenly Father, the Indians were sure to think of El Dorado, the spirit of the Golden Heart.

The Legend of the Creation of Earth. — In the beginning — so the story goes — darkness was everywhere, like a great black ball without any light in it. Earth

Doctor flew back and forth over this many times, until he decided to make a resting place for himself. He took a little dust and made it into a flat cake, and while he danced on the cake he sang a magic song.

Then Earth Doctor made some ants, and one of these made the cake larger and larger until it was as large as the earth is now. Next he made a cover to fit over it, shaped round like an Indian house. That was the sky. The edges of the earth and the sky were fastened tightly together.

Earth Doctor made water, mountains, grass, and trees, as we see them now. But still everything was black. So he poured water into a dish, and when it became ice he threw it far to the north. It began to shine very brightly — and that was the sun. He threw another ball of ice far to the north. That began to shine, also, but not so brightly. It was the moon.

It was still dark when sun and moon were not in the sky. So Earth Doctor blew water from his mouth like a spray, and made little stars. Then he drew his staff across the sky and made the Milky Way.

So it was that the Pima Indians thought Earth Doctor created the earth and sky, the sun and moon, and all the stars.

The Legend of the Creation of Man. — Coyote wished to create man; so he called all the animals together to get their advice.

Lion wished man to have a roaring voice, so that he could frighten other animals, and to have sharp teeth and claws. Grizzly Bear said man should be very strong,

but should not make a great noise. Deer thought man should have beautiful horns, "ears like a spider's web, and eyes like fire."

But Coyote said the animals were foolish, because each of them wanted man to be like himself. Man might have a roaring voice and great strength, keen eyes and good ears, but he should be as wise as Coyote.

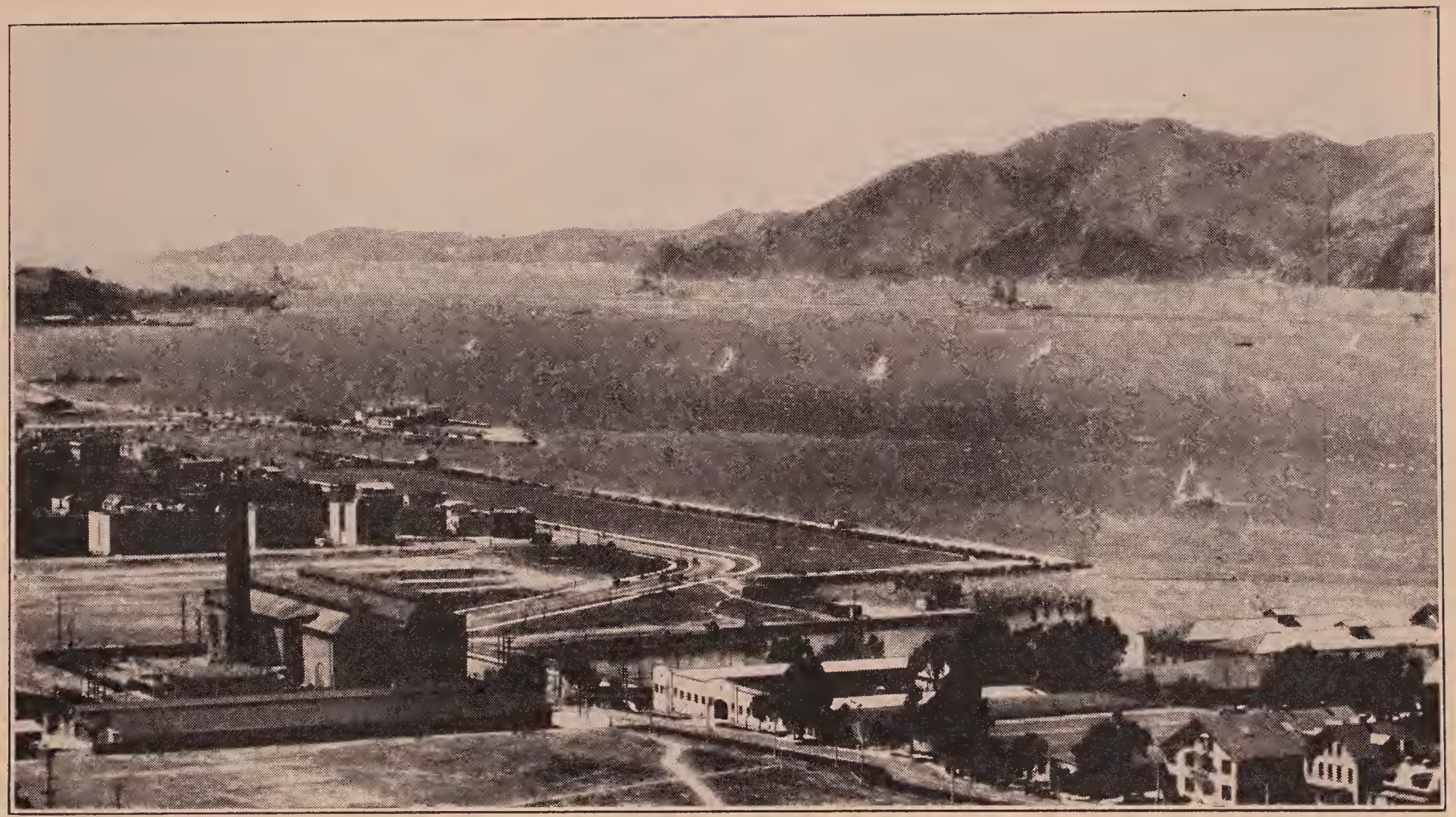
All the animals set to work to make man out of lumps of earth, each one like himself. They kept on working till they fell asleep. But Coyote stayed awake, working all night. He spoiled the work of all the others by throwing water upon it while they were asleep, and in the morning he gave life to his own model.

In this way the Indians of San Joaquin Valley thought Coyote created man.

The Legend of the Golden Gate. — There was a time in the long ago when there were no people in California; but there were two spirits, one evil, the other good. The good one overcame the evil.

The whole country was covered with water, except Mount Diablo and Reed's Peak, which are not far from San Francisco Bay. On the peak was a coyote, living alone. One day Coyote saw a feather floating on the water, which turned into an eagle when it touched the land. Then away it flew to the mountain.

Coyote and Eagle visited each other and lived in peace together. One time, after talking awhile, they decided they would make Indians. They did so; and as there came to be more and more Indians, the waters of the lake got lower and lower, and there was much dry land. At



Keystone

THE GOLDEN GATE OF SAN FRANCISCO

that time there was no Golden Gate, but a chain of mountains stood across the place. All at once came an earthquake so great that it split the chain of mountains, and it was then that the Golden Gate was formed. The rivers flowed into the bay, and the waters of the bay and of the ocean came together.

After that it was not long till the "palefaces" found their way into the Indians' country; and then the Indians became fewer and fewer, as they "passed silently away from the land of the coyote and the eagle."

This legend of the Golden Gate was told by one of the early pioneers.

CHAPTER II

MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS, RIVERS AND OCEAN

The Map of California. — California is a very large state. There is only one state in the whole country that is larger, and that is Texas. Just across the northern boundary is the state of Oregon. On the east stands Nevada, and to the south is Mexico. Looking west, California faces the Pacific Ocean.

If you will look at the map you will see two mountain ranges running almost the whole length of the state, and between these you will see the great central valley. On the eastern side are the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and along the western slope, close to the ocean, are the Coast Range Mountains. A little more than halfway down in the Sierra Nevada stands Mount Whitney, which is the highest point in the United States, outside of Alaska. It is more than 14,500 feet high.

Look again at the map and notice two large rivers, each of them having many branches, coming out of the mountains. The northern river is the Sacramento, which flows toward the south; the southern river is the San Joaquin, which flows toward the north. After making a great many bends, and winding around in what seems a strange manner, they flow together in the low lands called the delta, forming many islands with rich

soil. Then they empty their waters into the San Francisco Bay, and at last the Golden Gate lets them both out into the Pacific Ocean. The central valley has the same names as the rivers. The upper part is called the Sacramento Valley, and the lower part is called the San Joaquin Valley. There is enough rich land in this valley to produce grain and fruit for millions of people.

Besides the two great mountain ranges and the two large rivers there are other mountains and a great many streams of water. And besides the great central valley many other valleys are found in California. It is this wide variety of mountains and valleys, with their streams and lakes and waterfalls, that helps to make California so famous.

The Fine Climate. — But the climate also adds to the fame of the Golden State. Where most of the people live, the climate is mild, neither too hot in the summer nor too cold in the winter, without heavy snowstorms, and with but little thunder and lightning. But you can find every variety of climate somewhere in California. In an automobile ride over our good roads from the central valley to the mountain heights you may pass in only a few hours from the tropical heat of a summer day to what seems the frozen arctic region of everlasting snow.

It very seldom rains during the summer, except in the mountains. In many places the rainfall is not heavy enough to produce good crops. But the rain and snow in the mountains provide water for irrigating the dry regions.

To understand the many different kinds of climate and

YACHT HARBOR AND BEACH AT SANTA BARBARA

the heavy rainfall in some places and the drought in other places, we must think of the great mountain walls with their forests and their snow-covered peaks, of the winds, and of the ocean; for it is the greatest body of water in the whole world, the Pacific Ocean, that forms the western boundary of California.

The coast line, with all its bays, like San Francisco and Monterey, its many points jutting out into the ocean, and its other windings, is about one thousand miles long. There are now many seaside towns and cities. During the summer months, when it is quite warm in the central valley, these seaside towns and cities are visited by thousands and thousands of persons for a vacation at the beach.

CHAPTER III

NATURE'S GREAT GIFTS

Wild Flowers. — Nowhere in the world are there more beautiful wild flowers than in California. And there are hundreds of different kinds of them. They were seen by the very earliest pioneers. John Bidwell, who came a long time before gold was discovered, said the flowers "paint the face of nature with a thousand colors."

The Golden Poppy is known as the State Flower. It grows in all parts of the state, and everybody loves it. This bright flower is like the sunlight; it seems to reflect the warm sunshine of California. It has another name, also; it is called the Cup of Gold. No wonder people love the Golden Poppy.

Every spring thousands of acres are covered with a carpet of lupine and buttercups. People go many miles to see the bright butterfly tulips and the fragrant wild lilac. Every boy and girl should know the larkspur, the Indian paintbrush, and the baby-blue-eyes. And what can be more beautiful than the ferns of many kinds that grow in the shady places of the California mountains?

Birds and Animals. — California was the home of a great many kinds of wild birds and animals, both little ones and big ones. You can have no idea how many wild geese and ducks there were before white men came to hunt them. One of the largest game birds is the graceful

DESERT FLOWERS

white swan. The condor was a great bird of pure black that looked like a huge buzzard: most people have never seen one of these. Sometimes the tiny humming bird is found far up in the mountain heights. But Californians are most proud of the golden eagle, as the real American bird. The meadow lark is a favorite bird in all parts of the state, and the call of the quail is a pleasant and welcome sound.

Some of the largest animals were the deer, the elk, the mountain lion, and different kinds of bears. The powerful grizzly bear was supposed to be like California itself: so we have a state flag with the picture of a big

grizzly bear on it. And we must not forget that many kinds of fish were found in the mountain brooks, the rivers and lakes, the bays, and the ocean. The Indians used to eat fish long before the white men came. What a paradise California must have been for the hunter and the fisherman in the early days!

Giant Trees. — John Muir was a student of nature who has written interesting stories of the out-of-doors. He has told us that the cone-bearing forests of the Sierra Nevada Mountains are the grandest and most beautiful in the world. "The giant pines, and firs, and Sequoias held their arms open to the sunlight, rising above one another in the mountain benches."

Of all the many kinds of trees in California the most wonderful are the Big Trees, called Sequoias. There is one named "General Sherman" that is the largest and oldest living thing in the whole world. In the Coast Range Mountains are found the Redwoods, trees which are cousins of the Big Trees, and which are also very large as well as very beautiful. One of the Redwoods is said to be the tallest tree in the world. To keep the Big Trees from being cut down and sawed up into lumber we now have three great parks; these are Sequoia National Park, General Grant National Park, and Yosemite National Park. The map shows you where these parks are located.

Yosemite Valley. — Yosemite is so wonderful that everybody wants to see it. It has become famous in many countries. Who has not heard of El Capitan, and Glacier Point, and Bridal Veil Falls? How well do I

In the Yosemite Valley

remember the day when I climbed to the very top of old South Dome and had one of the grandest views to be had anywhere in the world!

It used to be very hard to get into Yosemite Valley, but now the roads are good, and more and more people are happy to visit it every year. It is grand in the winter time, with snow everywhere; but nothing is more lovely than its waterfalls in the early summer.

Lake Tahoe. — Of all the countless lakes in the mountains and valleys of California, the most famous is beautiful Lake Tahoe, which is in the Sierra Nevada, on the eastern border of the state. Thousands of tourists from all over the world go to see this lake every summer. Who

would not take delight in a boat ride on its deep blue waters, clear as crystal? No wonder that its fame has spread throughout the earth.

The Seashore. — Besides the mountains and the valleys of California, with their trees and parks, rivers and lakes, we must not forget the long seashore. Here Nature has given us many playgrounds of great variety, and people come from far and near to enjoy them. Miles of ocean front are open to rich and poor alike. Many beautiful towns are found along the beach. The bracing air, the ebb and flow of the tides, and the booming of the breakers make a change that is most welcome to those who leave the heated valleys in summer time for a vacation at the seaside. Surely the big ocean is one of Nature's best gifts.

But I cannot stop now to tell you about all the gold and silver, the fruit and grain, the oil and other things that come from California. The oil is sometimes called "black gold," because it is worth so much to the people. The gasoline that we use in automobiles and airplanes comes from the oil. We do not know how we could get along without it now.

When we think of the wild flowers, the birds and animals, the great forests with their giant trees, the beautiful valleys and grand mountains, and then the long seashore, with all the good things that come to us every day, I know you will agree with me that Mother Nature has been very kind to California.

PART II: EARLY EXPLORERS AND DISCOVERERS

CHAPTER IV

FROM COLUMBUS TO CABRILLO

It was half a century after Columbus discovered America that California was found by white men. But after that it was more than two whole centuries before white men really came to California to make their homes. What a long, long time that was! We must remember that during all that time, and for ages before, there were thousands of Indians here.

Columbus. — Christopher Columbus was the great captain who sailed across the Atlantic Ocean from far-off Spain and found in 1492 the New World which a little later was named America. But Columbus did not find the gold and precious stones for which he was looking, and did not know — no one knew then — that America is between the Atlantic Ocean and the Pacific Ocean.

Balboa. — It was Balboa that pushed his way through the swamps and jungles of the Isthmus of Panama, then climbed the mountains till he reached the top and looked westward. He was overjoyed to see the shining waters of the mighty Pacific; he had discovered the greatest of all oceans. He waded into the water and claimed the ocean and the lands about it for Spain.

BALBOA DISCOVERS THE PACIFIC OCEAN

Magellan. — More wonderful still, Magellan was the captain who first sailed his ship from the Atlantic to the Pacific by passing through a narrow passage of water now called the Straits of Magellan. Then he came up along the coast of South America, and sailed on and on to the west until he reached the Philippine Islands. The brave captain lost his life, but his men sailed the good ship *Victoria* across the Indian Ocean and back to Spain, the starting point. They had sailed clear around the

HERNANDO CORTÉS

world, and proved that the world is round, and not flat, as most people believed at that time.

Cortés. — About that same time another great Spaniard, a daring soldier named Cortés, discovered Mexico, with its big cities, and mountain roads, and crops of grain. But Cortés also found in Mexico much gold and silver and many precious stones. He wrote letters about merchants buying and selling bright jewels, medicines, honey, sugar, and other things; also about great temples and wonderful gardens. And some of the people told him stories about still other lands that were full of riches.

All this land and all these things he wanted for his country and his king. After a cruel war against the race of Indians called Aztecs, the country was taken away from them and became a possession of Spain. Cortés had conquered Mexico, which then became known as "New Spain," for Spain was the mother country.

It was Cortés who prepared the way for the discovery of California. When he was in Mexico he heard strange stories about a land to the north with great wealth, and of course he wanted to find it. Men were sent out in

ships to search for it. One of the sailors with his crew found the land that we now call "Lower California," which is really a part of Mexico.

Cabrillo. — A few years later Cabrillo sailed north from Mexico in charge of two ships. The sea was very rough and the men were in danger of losing their lives. It was in September, 1542, that brave Cabrillo sailed into San Diego Bay — and that was the discovery of *our* California. He pushed on further to the north. Santa Monica Bay was seen and was named the "Bay of Smokes." The beautiful island of Santa Catalina was also visited.

Then on and on sailed Cabrillo's ships to the north. He wanted very much to find a way to pass from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. He passed by Monterey Bay and the Golden Gate without noticing them.

Finally on an island near Santa Barbara the brave discoverer of California died, and his sailors had to return to Mexico without their leader. But the important thing for us to remember is that the way to California had at last been found, and that it would never be lost again.

CHAPTER V

SOME FAMOUS VOYAGES: SEARCHING FOR A STRAIT

Strange as it may seem, it was more than two hundred years from the time when Cabrillo made his wonderful discovery of California until the Spaniards really had any settlement or colony here. But during that long time there were a few voyages along our coast that must now be described. The first of these was made not by a Spaniard but by an Englishman.

Francis Drake. — Francis Drake became master of his own ship when he was only eighteen years old. Not long after that he sailed to the New World. One day, while he was exploring about the Isthmus of Panama, he climbed up a tall tree and saw the water of the Pacific Ocean: then he made up his mind that some day he was going "to sail those seas."

Later on, with the help of the queen of England, he got ready and set out with five ships. His own ship became separated from the others, but he kept on until he reached the waters of the Pacific Ocean. He captured some Spanish ships with their rich cargoes, then kept sailing north till he reached the coast of Oregon.

On his return to the California coast he landed at a place north of San Francisco that was named for him, "Sir Francis Drake Bay." He traded with the Indians

ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

and claimed the country for England. It was then called "New Albion."

After resting a few weeks he set out on his long return trip to England by sailing across the Pacific Ocean and going around the Cape of Good Hope at the southern end of Africa. His voyage had lasted in all almost three years, but he had sailed clear around the world. He

was the first Englishman to do this. Because he took a great deal of wealth and treasure from Spanish ships, he was very much feared and disliked by Spanish officers.

Cavendish. — Besides Drake, several other English captains explored the coast of California. One of these was Thomas Cavendish. Only a little while after Drake reached home, Cavendish started out. He also captured a Spanish ship, and he also crossed the Pacific. So he also sailed around the world, as Drake had done.

Cermenho. — The king of Spain was worried because Drake and Cavendish had been to California and claimed it for England, and because they had captured Spanish ships. So in a little while other Spanish captains were on their way to the Pacific coast. They were afraid that England might win California away from Spain.

Cermenho reached Drake's Bay, but in a terrible storm his ship was wrecked; so he had to set to work to build a new boat out of the lumber he could save from his ship. His men nearly starved to death, but they bought some acorns and other food from the Indians and finally set sail for Mexico in their little boat. Most of them died on this terrible voyage, but Cermenho and a few others reached Mexico and told their strange story about the coast of California.

Vizcaíno. — The king of Spain ordered his captains to search the entire coast of California for good harbors, so as to keep his ships from being captured by the English.

Vizcaíno, a Spanish captain, sailed into San Diego Bay, then into Avalon Bay at Santa Catalina, and San

AVALON BAY, CATALINA ISLAND

Pedro Bay, now called Los Angeles Harbor. A little later he entered Monterey Bay, as Cabrillo had done sixty years before him. Vizcaíno carefully studied the country round about, saw the great oaks and pine trees, the wild game, and the fertile soil; then he wrote out a record for those who might come later.

Sailing north, he had to battle against the wintry storms of Cape Mendocino. Still he went bravely on till he reached the border of Oregon. Then he returned to Mexico, and made his report, which proved to be a great help later on when Spain was ready to plant colonies in California.

Sailing West to Reach the East. — When Columbus sailed away from Spain on his famous voyage, he thought that if he kept going west he could reach Japan, or the coast of China. Of course he did not then know anything about America, or that there even was such a place. The Atlantic Ocean was called the "Sea of Darkness."

Columbus really found a great deal more than he was looking for. He believed the world was round, when most people thought it was flat. That is why he supposed he could reach the countries of the East by sailing toward the west. But when he tried this, he discovered America. Even then he did not know this was a new world: he thought he must have landed on the coast of China or of India.

Columbus and the other great explorers felt sure there must be a passage of water connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean, although at first they did not know there were two oceans with a great continent between. The passage they were seeking was called by them the "Straits of Anián." What a great thing it would be if some explorer could find this strait; for then the ship might sail through it and save all the time it took to go clear down around Cape Horn, and be much safer, too.

On the Lookout. — So every explorer in those days was on the lookout for the strait that no one had found, but that all believed must lie somewhere between the oceans. Not only the Spaniards but also the English and the French captains longed to find it. Every time

they discovered a new bay or sailed into a river, they hoped that this opening in the coast might prove to be the strange passage they were looking for.

Where was this passage supposed to be? Some thought it might be south of Mexico, but most people thought it must surely be north of Mexico, and probably north of America altogether. For a long time it was believed that California was an island, and that the strait was just north of the island of California. Of course we now know there was no such strait as the Strait of Anián.

False Reports. — Only a few years after Columbus discovered America, a man claimed he had really found the strait. Later, different captains said they had sailed through it. Some drew maps to show where it was and what it looked like. One bold man even made a report that he had sailed westward through it from the Atlantic to the Pacific and then back through the strait to the Atlantic. Some people believed him, for everybody thought there must be such a passage somewhere.

Of course we all know now that there was no such passage anywhere. Nobody could sail from the Atlantic to the Pacific above North America because of the ice in the Arctic Ocean, and of course the Isthmus of Panama would not let any one sail through south of Mexico.

The Panama Canal. — But while no strait between oceans was ever found, the search for it by a great many explorers was a great help in making people know more about the coast of California. Now, years and years afterward, the United States has built the wonderful Panama Canal, and every day great ships go from the

Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Pacific to the Atlantic. What Spain and England and France could not find, our country has made. The Panama Canal takes the place of the strange passage the old explorers were searching for.

PART III: SPANIARDS MAKE CALIFORNIA THEIR HOME

CHAPTER VI

FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA AND THE MISSIONS

Have you ever been to see one of the old California missions? If you have, I am sure you would like to know more about them; if you have not, you will surely wish to visit one the first time you have a chance. The wonderful story of California really cannot be told without telling of these missions.

Father Junípero Serra. — We cannot understand the missions until we have come to know something about a certain good man, a man who wished to help the Indians more than anything else in the world.

That was Father Junípero Serra. Even as a boy he had wished to come to the New World, not to find gold and precious jewels but to teach and help the Indians: they were his precious jewels.

Father Serra's heart was filled with joy when his chance came to start his great work of building missions. "Surely," he said, "It is God's work to carry the cross of the holy faith into the wilderness, and He will go with us." He was made Father-President, and he had sixteen missionaries to help him. The task was a hard one, for

at that time there were no white persons living in Upper California, and the Indians were very ignorant.

With Father Serra and his band of workers came Captain Portolá with a company of soldiers. In all, there were four different parties that set out from Lower California for Upper California. Two of these parties came by land, and two came on ships by sea.

The First Mission. — It was a great event when this expedition was completed and when the mission at San Diego was started. That was in 1769 and was the beginning of the white settlement in our California, the first mission of the twenty-one in all. Father Serra's heart was filled with joy; but there was much hard work yet to be done and many troubles yet to be overcome.

Why the Indians Loved Father Serra. — Father Serra was kinder to the Indians than he was to himself. Is it any wonder they trusted him and learned to love him so much? For many years he had a sore on his leg that hurt a great deal, but still he would walk many miles even when he might just as well ride. He could not bear to see the poor people suffer without doing everything he could to help them; even the little boys and girls were precious to him.

He was very religious, and he always wished to do what was right. His courage never failed. He was a true pioneer. Think of all the different things he had to do: he chopped down trees, sawed lumber, made adobe bricks, built houses, plowed the land and planted the seed, cared for the mules and cattle, showed the Indians

how to do many kinds of work, and served as doctor, teacher, and preacher.

San Carlos Mission. — The second mission to be founded was the one near Monterey. The missionaries had a hard time finding the harbor there, which had been seen by Vizcaíno many, many years before. This mission was called San Carlos, and it became the head of all the missions. It was here that Father Serra made his home. He, himself, founded nine missions in all.

Death of Father Serra. — When he was seventy years old and in poor health, Father Serra walked all the way from San Diego to Monterey, visiting the different missions and showing kindness to the Indians, who were like children to him. That was his last long journey.

The next year the tolling of the mission bell gave word to the sorrowing Indians that their brave leader had died. They had lost their Father-President.

The first name to be chosen for California's Hall of Fame in Washington was that of the good man, Father Junípero Serra. He was a truly great man.

Why Missions Were Founded. — Missions were founded in California for the sake of the Indians, but also to help the king of Spain to hold the country for himself, and to keep other nations from gaining a foothold here.

Two by two the missionaries came to found each of the missions, bringing with them a few soldiers, a little band of live stock, furniture for the church, and always the mission bells. Fertile spots were chosen not very far from the ocean, and nearly all these places are surrounded by beautiful scenery.

STONE STAIRWAY, SAN GABRIEL MISSION

Churches and Mission Bells. — Every mission must have its bells, and the ringing of the bells was an important part of the exercises there. Their sweet tones rang out, clear and loud, to chime the hours and to call the Indians to prayer.

The mission churches were for many years the largest buildings in California. They were strongly built of stone and adobe bricks, with thick walls of a creamy white color. The roof was made of heavy red tiles. The church tower could be seen for miles around.

After more than a hundred years, some of the old churches are still visited by thousands of people. A few of them that were ruined have been rebuilt. The people of California feel proud of these old mission churches.

The Mission Field and Garden. — Each mission had its garden, with flowers and vegetables, and its little orchard of oranges, olives, pomegranates, pears, figs, and sometimes apples, peaches, limes, and plums. Then there were the vineyards and grainfields, and a little farther away from the buildings were the pasture lands. Sometimes hedges of prickly-pear cactus were used as fences to protect the garden and the orchard. And very good fences these hedges made.

The soft-toned bells, the bright robes of the priests, and the promise of good things to eat and clothes to wear brought Indians to the missions. Those who were baptized were taught how to plow the ground and plant the seed. They learned useful trades, took lessons in music and art, and, above all, the priests tried to teach them how to be good Christians.

STABLE AT SAN LUIS OBISPO MISSION

Father Serra, himself, worked side by side with the Indians in the field, plowing and reaping, making adobe bricks, digging ditches, building huts, and doing other tasks. At every mission there was a place for looms to weave coarse cloth, shops for the carpenter, the blacksmith, and the saddlers, and places to treat and store grain, tallow, wool, and hides.

Daily Toil. — The young Indian girls at the missions were taught how to sew and spin, as well as to knit and weave many kinds of baskets. The married Indians were allowed to live in small huts built for them in the village near the mission.

After breakfast the bands of Indian workers went out

to their different tasks under their leaders, and they worked till the bell called them to dinner. After the simple meal they had a rest; then back they went to work till the bell called them to evening prayers. After supper some would play a game of ball, some would have a dance, and a good many seemed to do just nothing at all. They were drilled in singing hymns and were taught to play the violin or flute or drum.

The mission Indians were much like overgrown school children; and they were punished when they did not obey their teachers or when they made mistakes.

El Camino Real. — The highway — it was really little more than a trail — that led from mission to mission, beginning at San Diego, was called *El Camino Real*, which is Spanish for the Royal Road, or the King's Highway. In the early years Father Serra himself walked along this highway, stopping to help the Indians of the different missions. Not many years ago bells were set up here and there along the roadside to mark *El Camino Real* for tourists. Thousands of automobiles now glide swiftly along the way that connects the different missions. Have you seen any of these pretty bells by the side of the road?

Visitors Made Welcome. — Guest rooms at the missions were always kept ready for visitors. Since the missions were about a day's travel apart, a man traveling on horseback could leave one in the morning and easily reach the next in time for the evening meal and stay there overnight. There was always plenty of food for a visitor, and of course he did not have to pay anything for

San Fernando Mission

it. Even if he stayed a whole week, he would still be welcome. Once in a while the missions had a visit from some great explorer, who would be treated with much kindness.

The Missions Broken Up. — After many years the time came when there was not enough money for the soldiers in California or to run the government. Then the missions, which had grown strong with their large herds of cattle and growing trade, had to give money to the government. That was after Mexico had become free from Spain — you remember that California was then a part of Mexico.

There was much trouble with the government. So it

was decided to break up the missions, and it was expected that the Indians would become their own masters. But the Indians did not understand all this trouble and change; they suffered a great deal and were very unhappy. In some ways they were still like children; so many things had been done for them that they had not learned to think much for themselves.

It seems sad to think that thousands of them went back to their old savage ways of living, and that many of them fell into bad habits. They did not get enough to eat, and hundreds of them died because they were so neglected. No longer did they have the kind missionaries to help them.

The beautiful mission churches began to crumble away, and the time came when the days of the early mission life were gone forever. But we are glad that some of the churches have been repaired by Americans, and that in recent years generous men have given money to rebuild others. We may be sure the memory of the California Missions will always be kept fresh in the minds of the people. And the bells along *El Camino Real* will be constant reminders to young and old alike.

CHAPTER VII

THE *PRESIDIOS* AND THE PUEBLOS

Presidios. — While Father Serra was busy founding missions in California, other Spaniards were founding forts, called *presidios*, and villages, called pueblos. Each district was to have a *presidio*, with soldiers to protect the country against any white enemies that might come and against the Indians when they became warlike. The pueblos were the little towns where the early colonists, or settlers, lived.

First of all the *presidios* to be founded was San Diego, which was started by Captain Portolá, who, as you will remember, had come into California with Father Serra. But for a long time the most important of all the *presidios* was the one at Monterey. This is where the governor lived. Monterey was really the first capital of California and a very important place in those old Spanish days.

The other *presidios* were San Francisco and Santa Barbara — making four in all. At present the *presidio* of San Francisco is near the Golden Gate. And now we have the four beautiful cities with the same names that have grown up around them: San Francisco, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Diego. It is easy to remember these names.

Pueblos. — The pueblos were founded so that the king of Spain might have men with their families living in far-

SAN DIEGO HISTORICAL MUSEUM

Located on the exact spot where the early Spanish explorers erected the first *presidio* in California.

away California who would be true to him and who would grow crops of grain for the soldiers at the presidios.

Each of these little towns had square blocks and lots, with a public square, called the plaza, in the center. The church was always an important building, and the courthouse was found in a place of honor. Near the lots where the people had their homes there were small farms on which grain and fruits were raised. Farther away was the pasture for the cattle. Every colonist was to have a yoke of oxen, two cows, two horses, two sheep, two goats, and a mule.

San José. — The first pueblo of California was started in Santa Clara Valley in 1776, the year of American independence, and seven years after Father Serra founded the first mission at San Diego. But the real founding of the pueblo took place eleven years later. Altogether there were fourteen families that made the beginning of what is now the beautiful city of San José.

Los Angeles. — A few years later the second California pueblo was founded at Los Angeles, with twelve families. In all there were less than fifty persons, and some of these were part Indian; but they made a beginning of what has become the largest city in the western part of the country. In 1931 it celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth birthday as *La Fiesta de Los Angeles.*

Of course, California was really a part of Mexico, or New Spain, and it was ruled by Spanish governors. We should remember Governor de Neve, because he was the founder of both San José and Los Angeles. These were the only true pueblos under the rule of Spain, although the Spaniards tried to start one or two others.

The Colonists. — The first settlers in the pueblos were not very good workers. They took life too easy, and many of them were quite lazy. The Indians had to do most of the hard work in the gardens and in caring for the cattle. There were a good many quarrels among the colonists, and often somebody had to be put into the guardhouse for doing wrong. I think one reason for this was that they did not have any good schools for

the children like those we now have all over California.

But after a while the pueblos began to improve, and many of the best people took up their homes on the big ranches. And now I know you will be eager to learn about the ranch days.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW PEOPLE LIVED IN OLD CALIFORNIA

Rancho and Ranchero. — In the early days of California there was plenty of land for all who really wanted it. For only a few dollars a colonist or settler might have a great big ranch. In Spanish such a person was called a ranchero, and his land with everything on it was called a rancho.

These ranchos were very large; it might take a man on horseback a whole day, or even longer, just to ride around one. General Vallejo's ranch in Sonoma County had over one hundred thousand acres in it. Such a ranch was bigger than some whole counties. On this Vallejo Ranch there were three hundred men to do the work, not counting the women and children.

The ranch houses were one-story buildings made of adobe bricks, with thick walls, small windows, and low doors. They nearly always had long porches, and on these were benches or chairs with rawhide seats.

Some of the best people and most famous men in the country were rancheros. They had large herds of cattle and sheep, as well as horses — thousands and thousands of them — that ran wild over the hills and in the valleys; for in those days there were no fences, though there might be a prickly-pear hedge or a ditch around the garden or the corral. Each rancher had his horsemen, or cowboys, and a good many Indians to work for him. So he found

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AN OXCART, OR CARRETA

plenty of time for riding around, as well as for games, and visiting with his friends. General Vallejo's nephew, after telling us some of the things the ranchero could do, adds: "He could also make soap, pottery, and bricks, burn lime, tan hides, cut out and put together a pair of shoes, make candles, roll cigars, and do a great number of things that belong to different trades."

Horseback Riding. — Everybody could ride horseback. The boys and girls learned to ride when they were very young. Sometimes the little children rode with their grandparents in the heavy oxcart, called carreta; but you may be sure they were glad when the day came for them to have riding ponies of their own. Common

horses were very cheap, but choice riding horses were highly prized. A good horse, already bridled and saddled, always stood ready for its rider at the ranch house, for the early Californian did not like walking.

Horse racing was one of the principal sports, and sometimes the races were quite exciting. A good rider could pick up a rose or a handkerchief from the ground as his horse galloped past. Good riding seemed to be really expected of everybody.

Use of Rawhide. — It seems as if everything that was needed was to be found or could be made on the rancho. In those days the people could not go to a grocery store or a drug store just around the corner. They had to do more and make more things for themselves.

One of the most useful things about the ranch was rawhide. This was cattle skin that was not made into leather. Strips of it were very tough and held things together very tightly. The cowboys showed great skill by the ways they could twist, or braid, or roll strings made of rawhide. It was used to make whips for driving cattle or mules, to tie handles on to all kinds of tools, to make chair bottoms and door hinges, to fasten cross beams in buildings (instead of using nails), to wrap around the stocks of guns, to repair saddles and harness, and in a hundred other ways.

The Rodeo. — At a certain time every spring thousands of cattle that had been scattered about the country were brought together, or "bunched," from miles around, so that each owner's stock might be separated and branded. The branding was done by means of hot irons.

Security-First National Bank, Los Angeles

A Round-Up, or Rodeo

That was the way the rancheros had of marking the calves and young stock so that everybody would know whose they were.

This gathering was called the rodeo, or round-up. It was a time that called for the best horseback riding. It was a happy time for the boys and girls, and a time of merrymaking for all. There was no lack of good things to eat, and there was sure to be exciting sport.

The Matanza. — Another busy time on the rancho was the matanza. That was when cattle were killed by hundreds for their hides, for in early California cattle were raised mostly for their hides, which were sent away to be made into strong leather.

It was then that the grizzly bears would come down from the hills to eat the dead cattle. Some of these bears were caught by the skillful cowboys, just for sport. A big pile of bones and horns could be found at every ranch and mission; sometimes they were even used for fences.

Grain Harvest. — The harvest was surely an interesting scene. Three or four hundred Indians were sent into a field of ripe grain with sickles, or butcher knives, or hoop iron, to cut the grain, which was then piled into a huge stack shaped like a low mound. Then hundreds of wild horses were driven in to thresh it by treading on it, while the Indians were whooping to make them run faster.

The Spanish Cavalier. — The ranchero took great pride in his favorite horse, his saddle, bridle, and spurs. He was kind and generous to all. On his ranch he was followed by his pack of faithful dogs. He was a real Spanish Cavalier in the New World. He lived in the care-free age of California. And now it is pleasant for us to look back upon that time of peace and contentment, the good old days of the Dons.

Old Adobe Homes. — If you have ever seen one of the old adobe houses, you can have some idea of what the homes of early Californians looked like. But you must not think that the houses always looked old and run-down. Even if the floors were nothing but the earth, they were swept clean by the Indian servants; and the houses themselves were plastered inside and outside and tinted with some light color. They were cool in summer and warm in winter.

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ADOBE RANCH HOUSE, DIAMOND BAR RANCH, SPADIA

Nearly all of them were one-story houses, built like a square, with an open space inside that was called the *patio*. The best houses had roofs made of red tiles. They did not have any kind of stoves or heaters in the houses: the Californians lived most of the time outdoors.

The people were very fond of pepper. At every house, hanging upon the outer wall, one of the first things to be seen by a visitor was a string of bright red peppers.

The ladies were great lovers of flowers. Every home had its little garden of roses, lilies, pinks, hollyhocks, and other flowers. Of all these, the rose was the favorite.

The families of the early Californians were very large: sometimes there were fifteen or more boys and girls in

one family. The children were brought up to have high respect for older persons; they were always polite and kind to their parents.

Everybody seemed like a neighbor to everybody else, although the homes might be many miles apart. Even strangers were always welcome. A visitor might travel for days and days without any money and still be treated kindly at the ranch homes or at the missions. There was no need for hotels in those days. They did not have doctors and lawyers, either, and not even post offices. But news would be carried quickly from ranch to ranch or from one place to another by horsemen or by Indian runners.

The Fandango. — The people were very fond of dancing. So when the rodeo was over, all hands joined in a lively dance, called the fandango. The old folks took part with the young people.

You may be sure there was a big fandango whenever there was a wedding. Friends put on their best clothes and would go for miles and miles to be present. Many a time the dancing lasted till morning. Almost any kind of a party where there was dancing was called a fandango.

Grizzly Bears. — Let me tell you about one kind of sport that took real bravery. Sometimes, on moonlight nights, young Spanish gentlemen rode out on their horses to lasso grizzly bears that had come down from the hills. Two men on horseback, with their strong ropes (called *reatas*) made of rawhide, could easily hold a big bear.

After Mr. Bruin had been led, or almost dragged, through the streets of the village, he was sometimes used to amuse the crowds in a bull-and-bear fight. This was sure to be a fierce struggle. In it a hind leg of the grizzly was often tied to a forefoot of the bull. It was a very exciting sport, but it seems to us it must have been quite cruel. I am sure we would not allow it now.

A Care-Free, Golden Age. — The early Spanish-Californians did not have many of the good things we all enjoy today. Of course, there were no automobiles or fine carriages, no cars or motor boats, no electric lights, no beautiful schoolhouses, no newspapers or magazines, no radios, and no airplanes. But they did have a fine, simple life, and they were happy in it. They had good saddle horses and knew how to ride them; they had violins and guitars and knew how to play them; they enjoyed the dance and loved their mission churches. They were the first real pioneers of our California. Long ago most of their houses have sunk back to earth again; but here and there may still be seen the ruins of an old adobe to remind us of the simple homes of old California.

PART IV: CALIFORNIA BECOMES AMERICAN

CHAPTER IX

THE COMING OF STRANGERS

Californians Live by Themselves. — At the time of the missions and the big ranchos the Californians lived almost entirely by themselves. They saw very few strangers from other lands. They did not travel in far-away countries; very few of them even visited Mexico. They did not know much about the United States — this is not very strange — although most of them had heard of George Washington.

It is hard for us in these days to realize how completely separate the people were then from the rest of the world. They did not seem to care what was going on across the ocean or on the other side of the high mountains. And why should they care? They had happy times in California by themselves.

But they could not expect that nobody at all would ever come to their beautiful home land. Some visitors did come from other lands. We must now get acquainted with these visitors.

La Pérouse. — The first great man to come to California as a visitor from any other country than Spain was La Pérouse, who was a Frenchman. When he and his men landed from their two ships at Monterey, they were

treated very kindly. He had a chance to see everything at San Carlos Mission, and he was given many fine presents. He afterward sent some potatoes and other seeds and the first hand flour mill to the mission.

La Pérouse wrote a description of the country, telling about its people and its missions. This is one of the best pictures we have of how the early Californians really lived and what the missionaries and the Indians did at the missions.

Vancouver. — A few years later another great man paid a visit to California. This was Captain Vancouver, an Englishman, who sailed through the Golden Gate into San Francisco Bay. He had been sent out by the king of England to explore the whole coast. This was more than two hundred years after Francis Drake had visited the coast.

Like La Pérouse, Captain Vancouver was also treated kindly. When he visited Santa Clara Mission he found the valley like a lovely park. He also thought that San Francisco Bay was as fine a port as any in the whole world. Before he sailed away he gave a show and at the show had some fireworks. This greatly pleased the Spaniards and the Indians, for they had never seen anything like it before.

Yankee Captains. — Yankee captains with their Boston ships were on the sharp lookout for furs of sea otters. These furs were sold for a high price in China.

One of the first of the captains to come to the California coast was Captain Dorr, who came while Washington was President of the United States.

In a few years from that time more than a dozen American ships were used in the fur trade. At first they were not wanted in California; but a little later their captains were welcomed, because they bought the cattle hides from the rancheros, and because they brought many pretty and useful things from Boston which even the boys and girls of California were glad to have. So the Californians became friendly to these strangers called Americans.

The Russians. — When the Russians in Alaska heard about the wheat in California they sent some men down on a visit, for they needed grain very badly.

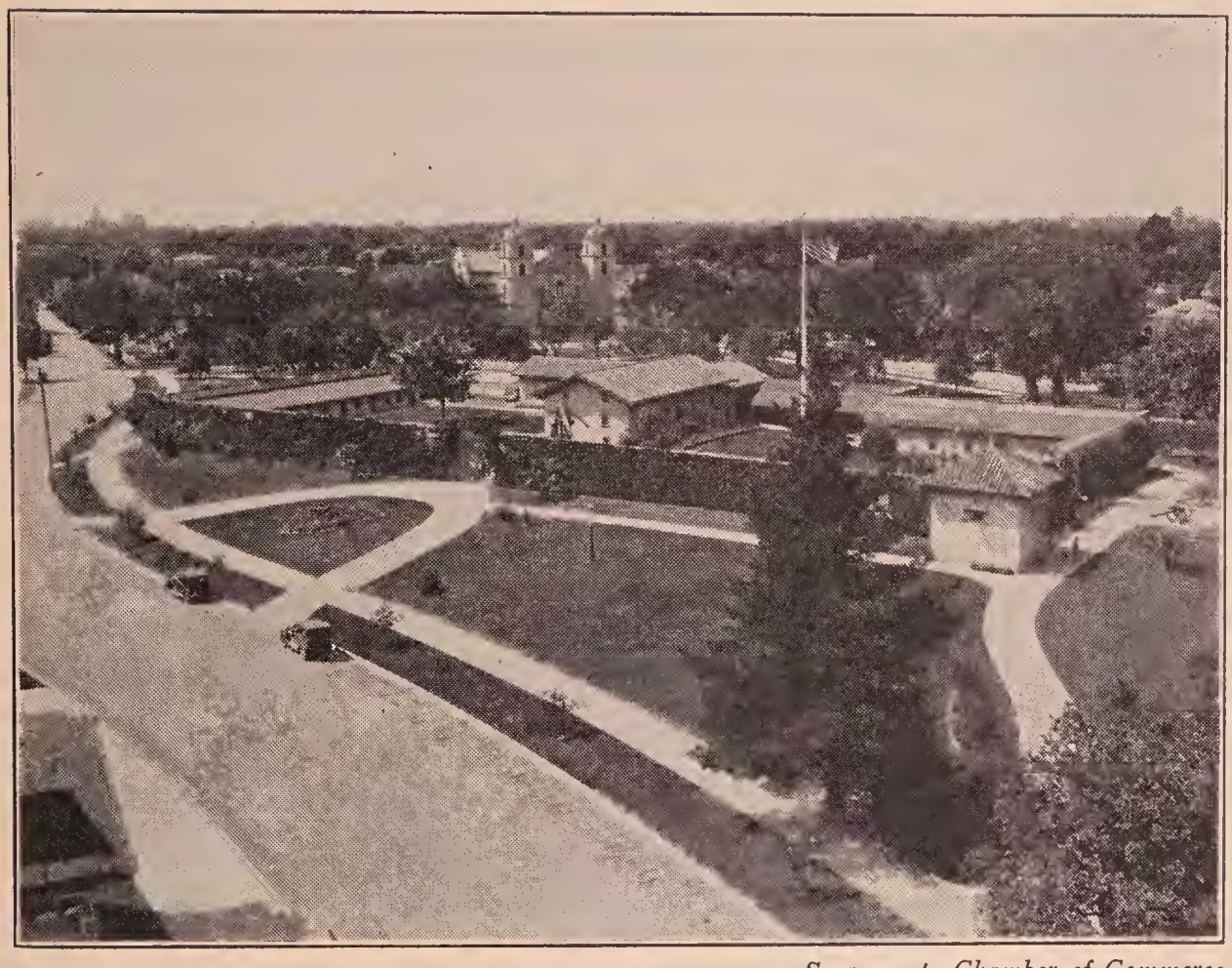
Several years later a party of Russians came down from Alaska and made a settlement near Bodega Bay. Then they built a fort and called it Fort Ross.

The Russians in California did some farming and fur trading, but the real Californians did not like to have them in their country. So after a good many years Captain Sutter, who had built Sutter's Fort, bought their cannon and other things and moved them over to his own fort at Sacramento. Then the Russians went on board their ship, said farewell to California, and sailed away, never to return.

Captain John A. Sutter. — Who was this Captain Sutter?

He was one of the most famous and most interesting pioneers in the whole story of California. He was at that time a fine-looking young Swiss, who wished to have a colony and build a fort on the Sacramento River.

Captain Sutter became a citizen of Mexico so that he



Sacramento Chamber of Commerce

SUTTER'S FORT TODAY

could have a big rancho. He received a large tract of land, reaching far into the Sierra Nevada Mountains. He decided to build his fort near the American River, not far from where it flows into the Sacramento River.

Here the Captain lived like a prince, with many Indians to work for him. He became a trapper, a stock raiser, a farmer, and a merchant, all in one. With the cannon and muskets he had bought from the Russians he was well able to defend himself.

Sutter's Fort became the headquarters for thousands of American pioneers who came to California in covered wagons, for the Captain was very friendly to the Ameri-

cans. It was on his property that gold was discovered and that many other things happened. Sutter's Fort is now kept as a public park and museum in Sacramento and is visited by thousands of persons every year.

Some Early Settlers. — We have seen that even in those early days a stranger would come to California now and then to stay, or maybe would be left from one of the Boston ships. Some of these were Englishmen, a very few were Frenchmen, but most of them were Americans. Little by little people in far-away lands were learning about California; and the more they learned about it, the more they wished to come to this beautiful country.

Jedediah Smith. — One of the first Americans to open a pathway into California was Jedediah Smith, a brave hunter and trapper. We owe a great deal to him and to others like him; for while they were exploring new country in search of furs, they were really helping to win the West for the United States.

More than a hundred years ago — it was in 1826, to be exact — Jedediah Smith and his company came across the Rocky Mountains and across the desert into southern California, passing near the place where the city of San Bernardino is now. A few Americans had reached California before him, but they had come by sea on Yankee ships, while Smith came over land. His coming was like opening the door for other Americans to come into this land, where the peaceful Spanish and Mexican people were living on the ranchos, at the pueblos, and about the missions.

Captain Smith was a strong young man, with clear blue eyes and sandy hair, more than six feet tall and straight as an arrow. He wore a buckskin suit and carried two pistols at his belt. He has been called a "knight in buckskin."

The Mexican governor of California did not like to have this American trapper in his country; so Smith agreed to leave and go north to the Columbia River. But he was slow about this, and spent some time trapping in the San Joaquin Valley.

In the month of May Captain Smith with two of his men started across the Sierra Nevada to return East. The snow was still deep in these mountains, and the trip was terrible; but they finally reached Salt Lake. By this trip Smith earned the new title "Pathfinder of the Sierra."

When he returned to California, he had a great deal of trouble. He was even put into jail for a while. But what he did made the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys better known. He made his way north into the Oregon country, and — perhaps greatest of all — started one of the principal routes from the Rocky Mountains region into California. All those who came later owed much to Captain Jedediah Smith.

James Ohio Pattie. — Here was another young man, a hunter and trapper from Kentucky, coming into California a few years after Smith, whose story will never be forgotten. James Ohio Pattie came with his father in a trapping party. The governor was not pleased to have them in California. He put them into prison and

KIT CARSON

treated them badly. James's father became very sick, and soon died.

Later on, after he was released from prison, James Pattie helped the governor as interpreter; that is, he helped this Spaniard to understand what was said in English. Then the governor got him to act as a doctor and vaccinate thousands of the people so that they would not have smallpox. After a great deal of traveling up and down California, Pattie left for Mexico, and from there returned to his native land, a poor man. Years later he came back to California with the great army of gold hunters.

Ewing Young. — Still another bold American fur trader who came over the mountains was Ewing Young. He was a strong leader, who reached Los Angeles a few years after the time of Pattie.

Young trapped in the San Joaquin and the Sacramento valleys and hunted otter along the coast. He made his way even as far as Oregon, then back to California. The next summer he returned to Los Angeles. He was one of the most important of the trappers and fur traders.

Other Trappers. — In all there were hundreds of American trappers in those early days; but the Mexicans did not care much about trapping. What the trappers were in search of was fur-bearing animals, and there were many thousands of these in California and along the Pacific coast. There was many an exciting time, and there were also many dangers. Kit Carson was one of the men in Ewing Young's expedition. He was a wonderful scout.

While these bold men were in search of furs so as to make money, they did a great deal to prepare the way for other Americans to come to California, and at last for the United States to win it from Mexico.

The First "Emigrant Train." — The name John Bidwell will never be forgotten in the Golden State. This great pioneer was a member of the first real train of American settlers to come across the wide plains and the high mountains into California.

The party of pioneers was called a "train" because they had many wagons, drawn by oxen and mules, which were strung out like a long train of cars. The pioneers, themselves, were called "emigrants" because they were leaving the United States to go to distant California, which was then a part of Mexico. To "emigrate" means to "move out of" a place or country.

John Bidwell was a young teacher of Ohio. After hearing a man talk about California, picturing it as a fairyland, he decided to see that wonderful country for himself.

But how was he to get to California, which was more than two thousand miles away, with no roads to follow? He knew it was somewhere in the West; but he could not get a guide book, nor even a good map.

Getting Ready to Start. — You must remember John Bidwell was a brave young man, and very strong. He was not afraid of hardships. He was not the kind to be discouraged. So when springtime came — this was in 1841 — he had brought together a party of sixty-nine persons ready to start for California. They had strong

covered wagons, with oxen, mules, and horses. Of course they had guns and a supply of flour, sugar, and other things to eat. Some of the men had their families with them. What a trip that must have been for the boys and girls! Bidwell himself was clerk of the party, and we are now glad that he kept a record of all the things that happened.

Across the Plains. — It was past the middle of May when this party was finally ready to leave camp on the Missouri River and start for California. Can you imagine what a picture it must have been that spring morning? At the head of the train were some brave missionaries with their carts, then came a row of wagons drawn by horses and mules, and last of all five big wagons drawn by seventeen yoke of oxen — all led along by their Rocky Mountain guide.

Each day they went as far as they could go — some days twenty miles and some days only five or ten miles. That seems like a very short distance, but you must remember there were no roads at all for them to follow.

At night the wagons were all drawn together in the form of a square, and the horses were put inside the pen, or corral. The cooking was done in the daytime, and fires were put out before night for fear the Indians might see them.

They saw thousands and thousands of buffaloes; sometimes they were in danger of being run over and trampled to death by the great herds of these huge animals. They saw large numbers of elk and antelope; and when they

came to the Rocky Mountains, many mountain sheep could be seen.

Crossing the Mountains. — In the desert country one of the hardest things to do was to get water for the pioneers and for their animals. Sometimes they had to go all day long and then all night without a drop of water to drink.

By the time they came to the high mountains the season was so late that they decided they should have to leave all the wagons behind to save time. No wagons had ever been taken across those mountains, and Bidwell felt they must get into California before the winter snows came or they could not get in at all.

Then they had harder times than ever. Their food supply was gone; the very last ox was killed and eaten. The nights were freezing cold; winter was at hand in the Sierra Nevada. And most of the men were now on foot, for such horses as had not been stolen were quite given out.

Still the brave pioneers struggled on. One day they went nine miles; another, only six. Is it any wonder they asked whether they should ever really reach California?

The Journey's End. — One morning they caught a view of the great valley to the west, with rivers running through it, and trees scattered over it as far as the eye could reach. The next day — it was the last day of October — they were made glad by the sight of hundreds of antelope and other animals, and birds, and beautiful green grass. Then there was plenty of food, and sparkling water to drink. The terrible hardships were passed. How thankful they all were!

It was six months after starting out that this first emigrant train reached the end of its great trek, near the base of Mount Diablo. After all their hardships John Bidwell and his party had at last succeeded in reaching California.

Bidwell a True Californian. — Bidwell has been called a prince of pioneers because he came so early — years before the great gold discovery — and because he became so great a Californian. He soon reached Sutter's Fort where he worked for Captain Sutter for several years. Later he was called the "Father of Chico," because he laid out that town and did so much for it. He was one of the best farmers in the state, and was a great, good man, who for a long time did many things for California. Bidwell was a true Californian.

CHAPTER X

THE STARS AND STRIPES IN CALIFORNIA

Three Exploring Expeditions. — The man who is known as the "Pathfinder" was not one of the early California settlers, like John Bidwell, but a man who came after Bidwell, and who had a great deal to do with making California an American state. This man went out west from the Missouri River, on three expeditions for our government, to explore the Rocky Mountain region and the Pacific coast. His first trip did not bring him into California at all. On his second trip he reached Sutter's Fort and the San Joaquin Valley. His third trip was the most important in the story of California — indeed, this story could not be told without telling about the daring young engineer, Captain John Charles Frémont.

Frémont in California. — When he came into California the second time Frémont had under him a force of about sixty men and a large band of horses and mules. With him was Kit Carson, who, you remember, had been in California before, and who was one of the best guides that ever climbed a mountain or followed a trail.

It is no wonder that some of the Californians thought Frémont's party really looked like an army coming into their country. But he told them that his men were not soldiers, but were surveyors, and that what he wished was not to make war, but to find a better route from the

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JOHN C. FRÉMONT

United States to the Pacific Coast. Still, his men were well armed, and they surely looked like soldiers.

Frémont was warned by the commander at Monterey that he must keep away from the places where most of the settlements and people were. Then, when he did something that did not please the Mexican commander, he was told that he must leave California at once. This made Frémont angry; so he said he would not leave.

Frémont Raises the American Flag. — Frémont knew

before coming to California that there might be war between his country and Mexico; so he was not sorry to have a chance to raise the Stars and Stripes. This he did when told he would have to leave. His men quickly built a fort on Hawk's Peak. Then it did look as if there would be war in California right away. The American flag waved from a pole for three days, and you may be sure this did not please the Mexicans.

But before they were ready to attack Frémont and try to drive him out of the country he left Hawk's Peak and led his forces up through the San Joaquin Valley to Sutter's Fort, and then started north for Oregon. The Mexicans did not give him any trouble; so there was no fighting then.

Gillespie Brings Important News. — When Frémont had reached the border of Oregon, a messenger with important news overtook him. This was Lieutenant Gillespie, who had been sent all the way from the United States to tell Frémont not to leave California, because he would be needed there. So instead of going on into Oregon and then home to the East, he led his men back into the Sacramento Valley.

When the Californians learned that Frémont and his men had returned, there was plenty of excitement. "What does this mean?" they asked. The Mexican general talked about driving all the Americans out of California, and some of the Americans wished that Frémont would lead them in capturing California for the United States. In those days everybody seemed to be talking about war.

The taking of California by Americans was about to be begun in earnest. In a little while things would be all changed. And in all this Frémont was one of the most active and important leaders.

Trouble between Californians and Americans. — You have already learned that California has a state flag and that this has on it the picture of a big grizzly bear. But the first Bear Flag has an interesting story of its own; and it is a story that every boy and girl will wish to hear.

Many Americans had settled in California, and most of them thought it would be fine if this country should sometime belong to the United States. But the Californians were afraid the Americans might become too strong; so they talked a good deal about driving them all out. But the government of Mexico did not seem to be able to do much about it.

When a party of Americans captured a band of Mexican horses, it looked as if there might be war. And besides, Captain Frémont, as you have just read, was then in California, and he had learned from Lieutenant Gillespie that there was likely to be war between the United States and Mexico.

Arrest of General Vallejo. — In those days General Vallejo was living with his large family at the town of Sonoma, north of San Francisco. He had a big ranch and was a great commander. The Americans knew he was one of the strongest of all Californians; so some of them decided to arrest him, although he had been friendly to them for a long time. One morning just at daylight, his house was surrounded, the General was sur-

THE BEAR FLAG OF THE CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC

prised and arrested, and was taken as a prisoner to Sutter's Fort.

The Bear Flag Republic. — When the Americans realized what had been done, they decided to go ahead and have a government of their own in California. William B. Ide was chosen leader.

One of the first things needed was a flag, for of course the Americans in California did not have any right to use the Stars and Stripes. So they quickly made up a flag, using the red, white, and blue colors. They got a pioneer to paint a star and a grizzly bear on a piece of cloth, because the grizzly was the strongest animal in California. Then they painted under the star and the bear the words CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC.

This new flag was then raised on a pole in Sonoma, and the American leaders made ready to carry it to other parts of California. But they soon found out that it would not be necessary, because very soon the American flag was raised by the United States forces. Lieutenant Ide and the other men of the California Republic were very glad then to take down the Bear Flag and join with the regular forces in making California a real part of the United States; that is what they had wanted all the time. The war with Mexico had really begun, and that brought a great change in California, making the American pioneers very happy.

And so, many years later, when California wished to have a state flag, it was decided to copy the grizzly bear that was painted so long before at Sonoma. That is how it happens that the Bear Flag is thought so much of in our state today.

You have already learned that Captain Frémont raised the American flag on Hawk's Peak when the Mexican general told him he must leave. However, that was not really the first time that the Stars and Stripes were raised in California. Four years before that time Commodore Jones had raised the flag at Monterey, when he thought there was war between the United States and Mexico; but this flag was taken down only a few days later.

The American Flag Goes Up to Stay. — We are now to learn about the time when the Stars and Stripes were to be raised in California and remain always as our real flag in the Golden State.

Commodore Sloat, of the American Navy, heard that there was war between his country and Mexico; so he sailed at once for Monterey. He learned about Captain Frémont and about the Bear Flag. Then he decided to raise the American flag to show that California was to belong to the United States. It was July 7, 1846, when he hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the old Custom House in Monterey. This time the flag was not to come down again.

In a few days our flag was flying also over San Francisco, Sonoma, Sacramento, and San José. From that time we may say California really belonged to the United States.

California Becomes American. — But all this could not be done in a day. When Commodore Sloat sailed away from Monterey, Commodore Stockton helped Captain Frémont in taking control of California. Many of the American settlers joined Frémont's company, which marched all the way from Sonoma to San Diego, raising the American flag at every important place.

But there was a good deal of trouble in southern California, and especially at Los Angeles, which was taken away from the Americans and had to be recaptured. That was not easy. Then it was that the most famous horseback ride in all the history of California took place.

The Horseback Ride of "Lean John." — When the angry Californians were pressing hard upon the American forces at Los Angeles, a messenger was sent north to Monterey on horseback to ask for more soldiers. This

was Juan Flaco, whose real name was John Brown, and who was nicknamed "Lean John." Of course there were no telephone or telegraph lines, no railroads, no automobiles, no good roads of any kind.

But how "Lean John" did ride! When his horse became tired, he caught a new horse. One of his horses was shot while he was riding it. On and on he rode, not stopping for a minute to sleep, until he finally reached Monterey. He had ridden about five hundred miles and had done it in only fifty-two hours! Even then he arrived too late to do any good, for the Californians had already captured Los Angeles. But "Lean John" will always be remembered as the brave rider who went through all kinds of dangers trying so hard to help the Americans.

The Conquest of California Made Complete. — Los Angeles and much of southern California had to be captured a second time before being fully controlled by the Americans. Frémont, Stockton, and General Kearny each had a part in this. At last the Stars and Stripes were again flying over all parts of California.

When peace came between the United States and Mexico, everybody knew that California was American and not Mexican any more. And what wonderful things were now to happen in California under the American flag!

CHAPTER XI

THE SAD STORY OF THE DONNER PARTY

We are now to learn of the Donner Party, one of the many groups of brave pioneers that started out in early days for far-away California with high hopes and fine prospects. There is no story in all the history of the Golden State that is more sorrowful than the sad story of the Donner Party. It shows us the troubles and hardships of our pioneer fathers and mothers as nothing else can do. But in it we also see so much of loving care and tender feeling that, in spite of all its sadness, it still is beautiful. Such a story can never be forgotten.

The Donner Party. — George Donner and his brother Jacob were living quietly at home with their families in Illinois. They heard that in distant California there were fine farming lands and that parties were being made up to take the long trip in search of new homes. The Donner brothers became so much excited about what could be done in California that they and some of their friends decided to undertake the difficult journey. This was nearly two years before the great gold discovery.

Thirty-two persons — fathers, mothers, and children — were in the party, which called for ten or twelve covered wagons. After they had traveled a good while together, others joined with them, until finally there was a long train of about forty wagons in all.

Across the Plains. — For most of the way across the

CAMP AT DONNER LAKE

great plains it was like a wonderful picnic for the children. Every day they were seeing something new and having fresh amusement. The Fourth of July was not forgotten; it was celebrated in fine style, far, far from home.

A great mistake was made when the leaders decided to try a new route so that they might save time and not have so far to travel. But it took them a full month to go as far as they supposed they could go in a single week. Then it was found that they did not have enough supplies to carry them through to California; so two of their brave men started out on horseback for Sutter's Fort to bring more food. Every day there were troubles and delays; it seemed as if the hand of death had been laid

upon the desert country. Even to the children the journey was no longer like a merry picnic.

Snowed In. — It was late in October when the party made ready to cross the Sierra Nevada. They had rested themselves and their tired animals for a few days at the place where Reno now stands. But that proved to be a terrible mistake, for they could now see dark clouds hanging over the mountain tops, and soon came the news that on ahead it was snowing. Winter had come almost a month earlier than it was expected.

The brave pioneers tried their best to reach the summit, but it could not be done! The snowflakes fell thicker and faster. The half-starved oxen could not drag the heavy wagons through the deep snow. Then the wagons were left behind, and the food supply was packed on the oxen in a last attempt to get over the crest. Impossible! It was too late. Winter held the Donner Party fast in his icy grip.

The only thing that was left to do was to prepare to endure the months until springtime, snowed in, yonder in the high Sierra. Cabins must be quickly built, the wood supply must be gathered, and food of some kind must be provided. We who have always had good comfortable homes, with warm clothing and plenty to eat, can never know the terrible suffering of the children or their parents in "Starved Camp."

Hardships in "Starved Camp." — There was now real danger that everybody would starve or freeze. For many weary days they had nothing but the hide from the poor oxen to live on. Pieces of beef hide were cut up

THE ARRIVAL OF THE RELIEF PARTY

into thin strips, then singed and scraped, then boiled till they were like glue, before they could be swallowed. Bones were burned and eaten, and the starving people even tried to eat the bark and twigs from the friendly pine trees. When some little field mice that had crept into camp were found, they were quickly caught and used for food.

How the watchful men did work, and the women, too, trying to save the children! But the news of their sad plight had gone on before them. From house to house at Sutter's Fort and in San Francisco rang out the cry, "Men, women, and little children are snow-bound in the Sierras, and starving to death!"

Relief at Last. — At last relief was at hand. One good day shouts were heard, and coming down the mountain

on the deep snow were seen seven men with a big pack of food. In all, four different relief parties made their way to the dismal camp of the poor, suffering pioneers; but by that time spring had come, and those who were left of the Donner Party were quickly taken to Sutter's Fort, where they were kindly treated and where they could enjoy real California sunshine.

One of these was a little girl named Virginia Reed. Many years afterward I heard from her own lips the story of the terrible sufferings of the Donner Party during the long months, snow-bound in the Sierra Nevada, near the beautiful lake that is now called Donner Lake. And to help us never to forget, the Native Sons of the Golden West — that is, men who were born in California — have placed a big monument at the head of the lake. We shall always remember the Donner Party.

PART V: GOLD DAYS

CHAPTER XII

THE STORY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

Early Stories about Gold. — Stories about gold and the strong desire to find it brought many a Spanish explorer to the New World. Everywhere they went, they looked for it — and how keen they were to find it!

Even before California was discovered, Cortés heard strange stories about gold north of Mexico. People were dreaming of gold. That is one reason why Cabrillo finally reached California; he was in search of the land of gold.

But the Spaniards never found the gold they were looking for. It is true that later they did find some gold not far from Los Angeles, but the great gold fields of California were not discovered by them. The stores of gold were in California all the time, but the Spaniards did not know where to look for them.

Those who did find gold and make it known to all the world were Americans, long years after the time of Cabrillo and of Father Serra. And now we must tell the story of how gold was really found, for this is one of the most wonderful stories of all.

Captain Sutter and James Marshall. — You remember that when Captain Sutter built his fort near the Sacramento River, he did many kinds of work on his big

From original painting by Nahl

SUTTER'S MILL, WHERE MARSHALL DISCOVERED GOLD

ranch. He had thousands of cattle, sheep, and horses; he raised crops of grain and fruit; he had blacksmith and carpenter shops, and kept a store. He found that he needed a flour mill; so he hired James Marshall to go up into the foothills and look for some good trees for lumber.

At a place which the Indians called Coloma, about forty miles from Sutter's Fort, Marshall built a small sawmill. He had about forty Indians to help him put up some log houses, make a dam, and do the other work. Then they dug a ditch for the water, with a gate to let it on or shut it off. Every evening Marshall would raise the gate so as to let the water race down and wash the sand and gravel out of the ditch during the night. Then

early in the morning he would walk along the ditch to shut off the water and plan the work for the day.

The Great Discovery. — Marshall himself must now go on with his own story. Here it is: "One morning in January — it was a clear, cold morning; I shall never forget that morning — as I was taking my usual walk along the race after shutting off the water, my eye was caught with the glimpse of something shining in the bottom of the ditch. There was about a foot of water running then. I reached my hand down and picked it up; it made my heart thump, for I was certain it was gold. The piece was about half the size and of the shape of a pea. Then I saw another piece in the water. After taking it out I sat down and began to think right hard. I thought it was gold, and yet it did not seem to be of the right color: all the gold coin I had seen was of a reddish tinge; this looked more like brass. . . . Putting one of the pieces on a hard river stone, I took another and commenced hammering it. It was soft, and didn't break; it therefore must be gold, but largely mixed with some other metal, very likely silver; for pure gold, I thought, would certainly have a brighter color.

"When I returned to our cabin for breakfast I showed the two pieces to my men. They were all a good deal excited. . . . However, to satisfy them, I told them that, as soon as we had the mill finished, we would devote a week or two to gold hunting and see what we could make out of it.

"While we were working in the race after this discovery we always kept a sharp lookout, and in the course of

three or four days we had picked up about three ounces — our work still progressing as lively as ever, for none of us imagined at that time that the whole country was sowed with gold."

The Gold Rush Begins. — The secret was too big to be kept. It was told to Captain Sutter and a few friends. Then, when everybody had learned the secret, it was no longer a secret at all! The news about gold in California spread like a prairie fire on a hot summer day. And the farther the story went, the larger and more wonderful it seemed to be.

Miners rushed to Sutter's mill with picks and shovels. In a short time it looked as if everybody had turned prospector.

But all this made trouble for Captain Sutter. His fields were left without men to do the work; there was nobody to take care of his crops; his horses and cattle were stolen or killed; the eager miners tramped all over his place and paid no attention to his property. Both Sutter and Marshall, who had found the gold, died at last as poor men.

The Land of El Dorado. — People in the East, in England, and all over the world now looked upon California as a land of gold, of the true El Dorado. "Eureka! Eureka!" the shout went up. "I have found it!" And from everywhere came the reply, "I'm bound for California!"

Everything was quickly changed. Fields were left half-planted, houses half-built; newspapers lost their readers; carpenters, teamsters, lawyers, doctors, and

WASHING GOLD OUT OF SAND

even sailors, all turned miners as the magic word was heard over the land, "Gold! GOLD!! GOLD!!!"

How the Gold Was Mined. — In early days the gold of California was mined in many different ways. We must learn about some of these.

The prospector always carried his pan with him. When he thought there might be gold in the gravel or dirt, he filled the pan with it and then very carefully washed it away in the edge of a stream of water. If there was any gold, it would naturally stay in the pan after the dirt or gravel was washed away, because the gold was so much

heavier. The dirt with gold in it was called "pay dirt." In "panning out," the prospector would sometimes be made happy by finding a beautiful nugget in the bottom of his pan; but of course many, many times he would find no gold there at all.

The miners often used the "cradle," which was a kind of rocker that looked like a baby's crib, for washing out the gold. Sometimes they had a kind of long box for this, which had the odd name of "long Tom."

You would be surprised to know how many different kinds of machines and tools people in the East made and sent to California to help get the gold. But most of these were of no use to the miner, and were finally thrown away.

A great deal of water was needed in mining for gold. To get this water, many ditches had to be dug and many "flumes" built, some of them miles and miles in length. A few years later hydraulic mining became quite common. This means that the water brought in the long ditches, or flumes, was sent through big iron pipes or canvas hose against the hillside with such great force as to wash away the gravel or soil. In this way whole mountains were "sluiced" away for the sake of getting the little bits of gold that might be scattered through them. The gravel and soil were sent rushing and tumbling down by thousands of tons into the canyons and streams. But after a while hydraulic mining filled up the rivers with mud so badly that there were big floods after the heavy winter rains, and finally a law was made to stop that kind of mining.

Some Big Nuggets. — Lumps of gold were called nuggets. As you might expect, miners were always on the lookout for these. A nugget was usually small, perhaps like a grain of corn; but many of them were larger, the size of a walnut, and sometimes a great deal larger than that. A few were so big that a boy could not lift one of them. Nuggets were found in all shapes, some of them smooth, but most of them very rough — what difference did that make, if they were pure gold?

How exciting it must have been when one time a miner turned over a big rock and then picked up enough gold to fill his hat half full! One Sunday a man who was taking a walk in the hills near Sonora stubbed his toe against a large stone, which to his surprise he found to be a fine gold nugget. Another man was one day leading his mule hitched to a cart down the road when he struck a stone. He reached down to put it out of the way and found that it was a nugget worth thousands of dollars. People had been walking over it every day without noticing what it was!

Once when a miner found that there was gold in the earthen floor of his own shanty, another miner near by dug up his cabin floor and took out twenty thousand dollars in nuggets and "dust." Whenever a group of miners gathered around a stove in the winter time, you may be sure there were plenty of interesting stories about finding gold. But there were more times when the miner did not "strike it rich" than when he did. Many a man gave up mining altogether and became a farmer or a storekeeper.

Sunday at the Mines. — When Sunday came, regular work at the "diggings" stopped. In the forenoon the miners did their week's washing, mended their clothes, and did some cooking. Sunday was the day when letters were written to the folks at home, and when miners came to town from their "claims" to get their week's supply of provisions. Sunday afternoon the miners had their sports, and lively times they had! There were games and races of all kinds. More than likely there was some fighting, too, before night. It would have been better for the miners if the wives or mothers of more of them had been with them in camp.

Lack of Home Life. — At some of the camps the miners did not have a chance to see a lady or a little child for months at a time. Their own folks were far away, back in the East — "back in the States," as they called it.

One day the miners of a mountain town heard that some ladies' bonnets had been brought to one of the stores. And — would you believe it? — there was a rush among the men to get down to that store, just to look at those bonnets!

At another place a man took his wife and baby to church one Sunday morning. The rough miners had not seen a little baby for a long time. When it cried in church, those big men shed tears, for the crying of a baby seemed to them like the voice of an angel.

Songs of the '49-ers. — In the mining camp the violin was used a great deal for entertainment, and the men had some very lively fandangos all by themselves, wearing their rough boots and red flannel shirts. Sometimes a

singer would come into camp; and if he pleased the miners with his singing, they would reward him with some small nuggets.

Many odd songs were made up for the days of '49, like "The Happy Miner," "The California Emigrant," and "The Shady Old Camp." The most popular chorus of all was this:

Oh, California!
That's the land for me!
I'm going to Sacramento
With my washbowl on my knee.

The "Gold Fever." — When a man back in New York or some other distant place heard wonderful stories about gold in California and became so excited about it that he wanted to leave everything and go West to hunt for the gold, people said he had the "gold fever." All over the country, during the spring of that wonderful year 1849, California gold was almost the only thing that a great many people talked about.

Men by the thousand caught the "gold fever," not only in the United States but also in nearly every other country, for within a short time the news about gold had gone clear around the world — it seemed as if everybody had heard of it.

Every day there were fresh reports of new "finds" and stories of the lucky men who had "struck it." Each miner was in a hurry to stake out his "claim," and he lost no time in looking for "pay dirt." When he heard of some prospector that had found a big nugget in another place,

he was likely to leave everything but his pick, shovel, and pan in haste to get to the new "diggings" himself.

Mining Camps. — Almost all the early miners were young men; there were very few American women in California in those days. Prospectors searched up and down and all through the mountains for gold. It was not long till there were dozens of mining camps in all directions from Coloma. Of course the camps in those days could not have nice, comfortable homes. The men were there to look for gold, and they could not pay much attention to houses and homes. They lived in rough shanties or in cheap tents.

The names of some of those camps sound odd to us now — names like "Lazy Man's Canyon," "Wildcat Bar," "Git-Up-and-Git," and "You Bet." Some of these early mining camps grew into towns and cities that are well known in California today; but the people left most of them after the gold was all taken out, so that many a mining camp that once contained thousands of busy men is now almost forgotten.

The miners did not have many different kinds of food to eat, and of course they had to get along without fancy cooking. But they nearly always had beans, and for breakfast they were almost certain to have "flapjacks." How they did miss the fresh fruits and vegetables!

Mining Was Hard Work. — Hunting for gold was exciting, but it was also hard work. The prospector spent days and days tramping over the mountains trying to find the best claims. Mining with pick and shovel, digging ditches for the water, drilling in the solid rock,

standing knee-deep in the cold water of the creek for hours at a time with the hot sun on their backs, and always trying to keep ahead of the others — such work as this demanded strong young men who were willing to stick to their task. And when they quit mining in the evening, they had to do their own work in camp. No wonder they did not do much housework!

Gold Dust. — Most of the gold that was found was not in the form of nuggets, but in very small pieces, like beans or small seeds or thin flakes. This fine gold was called "dust." The miner carried his dust in a buckskin bag and used it for money. A "pinch" between the thumb and first finger was a dollar's worth; a teaspoonful was an ounce, or sixteen dollars. A small wine glass held a hundred dollars, and a whole tumblerful was worth a thousand dollars.

There was not much real money in California in the days of '49, but everybody seemed to have some "dust," and that took the place of money.

High Prices. — The miners, and every one else in California, had to pay very high prices for the things they needed in those days. A pick or a shovel cost ten dollars; milk cost a dollar a pint; fresh eggs were ten dollars a dozen. It took a dollar to buy two potatoes or a dish of pork and beans. Some worn blankets were sold to poor Indians for their weight in gold, and bright-colored beads brought the same price.

Miners Were Kind-Hearted Men. — The early California miners did not wear fine clothes, but they had kind hearts. No matter how busy they were, they were

glad to help anybody who was in trouble, or a prospector who had been having bad luck. Most of them certainly had to work hard to get their gold, but they were not stingy with it when they saw anybody in need.

In the days of '49, men from all parts of the world were to be found at the diggings, but most of the miners were Americans. People of all kinds and all ages might be found among the gold hunters, but most of the pioneers were strong young men who worked hard and tried to live for the right. Some of them afterward became great leaders in the Golden State. Joaquin Miller, who is called the "Poet of the Sierras," wrote beautiful verses about —

The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49.

CHAPTER XIII

WILLIAM LEWIS MANLY, A HERO OF DEATH VALLEY

In giving a picture of the Days of '49 we must not fail to tell the story of William Lewis Manly, a brave young hero of Death Valley and an honored California pioneer. We know this story well because Mr. Manly wrote a book called *Death Valley in '49*, and because he lived for many years afterward as a neighbor in San José.

A Case of "Gold Fever." — Manly had already been thinking of going to the Far West, as he had been told that the government would give a man a good farm in Oregon if he would go out and settle there. He was well acquainted with pioneer life, for he had lived several seasons in the woods near Lake Michigan.

When he heard of Marshall's wonderful discovery in California, he took the gold fever. He said he had dreams at night about digging up yellow dust! Like thousands of others, he felt that the only thing to do was to start for the gold fields just as soon as possible.

Early in the spring of 1849 he started for California. He did not have much money; so he drove a team of oxen and cows for another man to pay for his board. Anything to get a chance to go! His party expected to catch up with his friend Mr. Bennett and another party, who had started on ahead.

Trouble on the Trail. — They had plenty of trouble

on the way. At one place they had to make a ferryboat out of one of the wagon beds and pull the other wagons across a river with it. At another place it took them all day to ford a sandy stream where there were dangerous quicksands. So much time was lost that it looked as if they could not possibly get through to California before winter.

Down the Colorado River. — Manly and six companions decided they would try to save time by getting into a small ferryboat which they found, and floating down the Colorado River. Surely, they thought, that would take them to the Pacific Ocean. Was not that a bold thing to try to do? Anyway, it proved to be a big mistake.

As they floated down the swift stream day after day, the roaring river became larger and larger, and more and more dangerous. They had to give up the old ferryboat. Then they built canoes out of trees, and on they went with the current. At last, when a friendly Indian warned them that they could not reach the Pacific in their little canoes, Manly and his companions decided it would be best to try to reach Salt Lake on foot.

Then what a long, hard journey they had! Can you imagine their joy when one day they found Mr. Bennett and the party they had missed just before starting? Of course they would now go on together.

The Cut-Off. — It was so late by this time that they said they would take the southern route to Los Angeles, instead of the northern route to Sacramento. Manly and some of the others decided to try a cut-off toward

California in order to save time. But that was another terrible mistake. They did not know where they were. It was a strange country to them. They had no guide. Manly climbed to the tops of hills, trying to spy out the best way. Far in the distance he saw some high mountains covered with snow. Those were the Sierra Nevada.

In Death Valley. —Their food supply was gone; the children cried for water when there was none to give them. Before they realized it, they were on the sandy floor of the desert that we now call Death Valley. None of them had ever seen that strange country, and not one of them knew what to expect. What would they do when all the oxen had been killed and eaten? Could they ever live to get through?

Two Go for Relief. — Two young men were asked to go ahead on foot to try to find a settlement and some food, then bring relief to their friends, who were to stay in camp at a spring they had found. William Lewis Manly and John Rogers, two of the youngest and strongest men of the party, were chosen to go on ahead.

Did anybody ever face a harder task? Mile after mile they walked slowly on over the desert sands. Day after day it seemed the same. But when they thought of the women and children back in camp, they would not give up. They were already in California, but they did not know it!

At last Manly and Rogers got through the desert. They saw some birds and other signs of life. Soon they came to a beautiful brook of pure water. Then from a

hilltop they saw a wide meadow, with green grass, great oak trees, and hundreds of cattle.

The Rescue. — When the two young men — brave and true — at last reached the camp of their friends back in the desert with food for them, one of the men threw up his arms over his head and shouted, "The boys have come! The boys have come!" And Mrs. Bennett, whose children were in danger of starving, called to them, "Good boys! O, you have saved us all! God bless you forever! Such boys should never die." It had been twenty-six long days since the young men had gone out in search of relief.

Safe in California. — All those that were left of the little party at last reached San Fernando Mission and the land of plenty early in the spring of 1850. It was four months since they had started on the cut-off, and almost a whole year since they had left Wisconsin for California.

For more than fifty years after that William Lewis Manly lived in California; but I think his name and his deeds will live forever.

CHAPTER XIV

LIFE IN EARLY SAN FRANCISCO

Before the Americans Came. — The real founder of San Francisco was a great Spanish soldier and trail maker named Anza, who led a party more than a thousand miles overland from the southern part of Arizona to the Golden Gate. There were more than two hundred men, women, and children in the party and a thousand or more of cattle, horses, and mules. It was a truly wonderful journey, and it made Anza a great hero. This was in 1776, the very year of our American independence.

The mission and the *presidio* were founded, and later there was the little village of Yerba Buena. San Francisco was a very small place for many long years. Only a few years before California became American not more than fifty persons lived in the village. During those years Monterey was the principal town in California and the capital of the territory, which was then a part of Mexico.

The Gold Rush. — But when California became American, San Francisco began at once to grow more rapidly. At the time when Marshall was building the sawmill at Coloma, San Francisco had in all about 800 people, with 200 houses. Then, after gold was discovered, men flocked to the new land of El Dorado from all directions. All the pioneers who came around the Horn or across

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OLD SAN FRANCISCO

the Isthmus, as well as many others, came through the Golden Gate to San Francisco. Almost before one could believe it, the sleepy village was changed into a busy, rushing city.

During one year alone (1850) more than 36,000 persons arrived by sea; and one-half of these came from foreign countries. Of course most of these men did not intend to stay in San Francisco, because they came to search for gold. But the city became a very lively place, with a steady stream of people coming and going all the time. Something new was happening on the streets every day.

The men who came in those early days were young and strong, active and full of life. But they were so

eager to make money that they did not take time to build strong houses or to see that everybody obeyed the laws. Many of the houses were really only cheap tents, and nearly all of them might catch fire and be burned up very quickly. There were several terrible fires, which destroyed the principal buildings of the city. After that, the people put up better buildings of brick and stone.

Men of Many Races. — It seemed as though every nation in the whole world sent some of its men to California, and that all of them found their way to San Francisco. A great many came from England, France, and Germany; others came from Italy, Russia, Holland, Spain, Switzerland, Turkey, Arabia, China, Sandwich Islands, Australia, Chile, and still other countries. There was life and activity on every side — surely San Francisco was then a gay, "go-ahead" city. Never before was there such a mixture and variety of lively scenes in a city in so short a time.

City of the West,
  Built up in a minute,
Hurry and excitement,
  Moving all within it.
Like a locomotive,
  Everybody going!
City in a hurry,
  Filled to overflowing.

The harbor seemed to be as busy as the city. Ships came in through the Golden Gate carrying flags from many different nations. It is hard to believe that in one day 451 vessels were lying along the San Francisco

water front and in the harbor. It looked like a forest made of masts.

Steamer Day. — Everybody in town knew when it was Steamer Day, which came twice a month. Before the steamer left with passengers and mail for New York, men hurried around to pay their bills or to send money back home, and hundreds of persons went down to the wharf to wave good-by to the friends who were leaving on the steamer.

And when a steamer came into harbor with the mail from the East, there was also plenty of excitement. The news spread quickly over the town, and a crowd hurried to the water front to welcome the friends coming to California. Everybody was hoping to receive some of the letters and newspapers from home, so far away.

PART VI: ALL ABOARD FOR CALIFORNIA!

CHAPTER XV

COVERED WAGON, CLIPPER SHIP, AND STEAMBOAT

As we have already learned, people came to California from nearly all parts of the world. But most of them were Americans, and they came from the United States.

How did they get to California?

There were three main ways of making the big trip. First, a great many traveled overland across the plains and the mountains; second, others sailed in sailing vessels or steamships down the Atlantic Ocean, around Cape Horn, and up the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco; third, many others sailed down to the Isthmus of Panama, then, after crossing the Isthmus, took other vessels for California.

On Foot and Horseback. — The very early hunters and trappers had to travel most of the time on foot — and they could walk! They learned the ways of the Indians and made themselves at home in the forest or on the plain, in the mountain storm or in the desert heat.

But many of the trappers and traders also made good use of the saddle horse and the pack mule. These strong Americans, who were not afraid of anybody or anything on the plain or in the mountains, were the true pathfinders of the West. Is it any wonder that they prized their

faithful horses, and their rifles and hunting knives, their powder horns and bullet pouches? Who can say how important in making ready the paths to California was the beaver skin that these men were seeking?

The Covered Wagon. — When more and more people began to go West, and men took their wives and children with them, they felt the need of big strong wagons as well as saddle horses and mules. And when thousands of gold hunters set out for California, you know how great trains of wagons could be seen slowly winding their way across the plains and still more slowly climbing up the steep mountain sides. And of course there were no automobiles then; so the heavy wagons were drawn by oxen, though sometimes there were mules instead of oxen. Each party had its saddle horses, too, and its cows, its friendly dog, and sometimes a small coop of chickens. It usually took four or five yoke of oxen to draw the family wagon, and there were often twenty-five or more wagons in one train.

The pioneers had very good reasons for traveling in large parties. A train usually had the different members of a large family and their relatives, as well as some friends or neighbors. Often a train was made up of different persons or families from the same town. They felt a good deal safer when a large number of them were together; the Indians were not likely then to be so dangerous. But sometimes a train was so large that it had to be divided, because there was not enough feed and water for all the cattle and horses at the places where they wished to make camp.

In the open plain the covered wagon could be seen for miles as it moved lazily along. It was called the "Prairie Schooner." My own mother came to California in a prairie schooner many, many years ago; and she told me about the wonderful trip. She said: "Our wagons were big and strong, and had stout bows, covered with thick white drilling; so there was a nice room in each wagon, as everything was clean and fresh and new. . . . Most of the wagons had the names of the owners, the place where they came from, and the place where they were bound, marked in large letters on the outside of the cover. We called it a good day's drive if we went twenty miles, and a big drive if we went twenty-five miles; but in the mountains, and where we had streams to cross, we worked hard many times to make even five miles. Oh, the roads we passed over were terrible! . . . When we camped at night we would drive our wagons so that they would form a circle, and by putting the pole, or tongue, of each wagon upon the back axle-tree of the next, all around the circle, we had a pretty good corral. In this way it was easier to protect ourselves if the Indians should attack us."

One afternoon mother's little sister started off to look for some wood and got lost. When she did find the road, she walked back the wrong way and kept on going until she had walked five miles. There was great excitement in camp that evening; it looked as if the girl had been stolen away by Indians. But at last she was found on the road by some other pioneers, and it was nearly midnight when she was brought into camp, very tired, but all safe and sound.

If everything went well, it took about three and a half months to travel from the Missouri River to Sacramento in a covered wagon. But there was nearly always some kind of trouble on the road, so that more often it took five or six months to make the trip. There was a good deal of danger, too, and some of the travelers did not live to see California. Is it not easy to see why there was need of some way to make the trip more quickly?

Around the Horn. — You have read how many of the gold hunters who came from New England and New York made the long trip to San Francisco by sailing in ships down the Atlantic Ocean, past South America, around Cape Horn, and up the Pacific Ocean to California. This trip often took more than six months, and of course there were sure to be many dangers. The ships used at first were slow and not well built for such a long, hard voyage.

A new kind of vessel, called the clipper ship, soon took the place of many of the older ships. The clipper was one of the most beautiful ships ever built. This slender speedster had very tall masts and full sails. Her thin prow, or bow, cut the water like a knife-blade as she rushed along through the ocean as if she were a great fish. She might well be called the "queen of the seas." And what fine names the clipper ships had! *Herald of the Morning, Glory of the Sea, Wings of the Wind, Northern Light, Sea Witch:* these were the pretty names some of them bore.

But the very best of them all was the *Flying Cloud.* She has been called "the swiftest of all wind-blown vessels, the most beautiful of all sea-borne ships."

Ewing Galloway

THE OLD CLIPPER SHIP *DAUNTLESS*

On one trip her Yankee captain dropped anchor in the harbor of San Francisco just eighty-nine days and eight hours after leaving New York. That was only one-half the time it took some of the old ships to make the trip. One time four clipper ships had a real race to see which could get to San Francisco first.

There was plenty of lively fun on the ships, when the men were not seasick. There was the banjo and the violin, with singing and dancing, and many kinds of games. And when the ships stopped at some strange

port, the passengers could have donkey rides, or watch cock-fights, or see many new sights.

But little by little the new steamships took the place of sailing vessels. The first of these came around to California just a little while after gold was discovered, and by the opening of the year 1850 twelve different steam vessels had come around the Horn. The truth is that so many people were eager to hunt for gold that all kinds of ships and steamers were crowded with eager passengers, bound for California.

Across the Isthmus. — A large number of persons came to California by sailing to the Isthmus of Panama, instead of going around Cape Horn, then crossing the Isthmus from the Atlantic side to the Pacific side, and getting on other ships for San Francisco.

Nothing could be more interesting than going across the Isthmus in long canoes, paddled by natives, then on mule-back, and part of the way on foot. There was a great jungle of strange trees and brakes, with bright flowers and birds and butterflies everywhere, and plenty of wild monkeys hopping about on the branches of the trees or swinging from the hanging vines.

Sometimes the men had to wait at the Isthmus for weeks for a ship to take them to San Francisco. Many of them became sick, and some died there, far from home. And when a ship did come, there was often not nearly room enough for all who wanted to go to California; so the ship was sure to be crowded, and even then many had to wait till the next time.

CHAPTER XVI

THE OVERLAND STAGECOACH AND THE PONY EXPRESS

Six-Horse Coaches. — The prairie schooner was altogether too slow for the eager crowds that wanted to go to California. Who would think now of taking five or six long months to travel from Chicago to San Francisco or Los Angeles? There must be a quicker way.

To save time people began to come in stagecoaches. A good coach was built very strong and could carry fourteen or more passengers. It was drawn by six fine large horses — and those stage horses certainly knew how to travel! It is said that the stage drivers of the Sierra Nevada were the best and most fearless in the whole country. They were called "knights of the rein." They were kind to the passengers, and you may be sure they were proud of their fine horses.

Hank Monk was one of the best drivers of them all. It must have been truly exciting to ride in his coach down the slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains to Placerville, then out into the Sacramento Valley. Down the rough mountain road dashed his six fine horses at a keen gallop, whirling around the sharp corners and winding in and out among the heavy, slow-moving freight wagons. The rush and whirl of such a ride could not soon be forgotten.

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FOUR-HORSE STAGECOACH

More and more people came to ride on the Overland Stage. As it rolled across the wide plains and through the valleys, the blast of its horn cheered the heart of the pioneer, for it brought news from the old home he had left behind. The drivers took the best of care of the sacks of mail that were packed on the leather-covered "boot" of the coach.

"Road Agents." — In the early mining days a great deal of gold had to be sent from the mining camps to San Francisco, and sometimes across the mountains to the East. One single express company carried more than fifty million dollars' worth of gold dust in five years.

Some bad men thought they could get some gold without working for it. So once in a while they tried to rob the stage of its strong box. These robbers were called "road agents"; really they were just bandits, of course. They were armed with pistols, and they sometimes made it dangerous to travel on the stages. But the stage drivers were also well armed and were very brave men, so that most of the time the travelers were well taken care of. Strangely enough, many of those "road agents" were very polite to the passengers they intended to rob, though they were ready to shoot any man who made a move to get away or who would not at once give them his money when they asked for it.

"Ships of the Desert." — A great many things had to be brought to California from other parts of the country. One day somebody asked the question: "If camels can carry heavy loads in Asia and Africa, why can't they do the same in America? Why not use camels to bring big bundles and boxes of freight into this new country?" So this was tried. Camels were brought to America in steamships; and off they were started for California. The people of the quiet town of Los Angeles were surely surprised when they first saw a funny-looking parade of camels winding through the narrow streets.

But the American drivers did not get along very well with these "ships of the desert"; they never really learned how to handle them properly, because they liked their saddle horses and pack mules so much better. The soldiers did not like the camels, either. So they were given up; some of them ran wild for a long time, and

The Pony Express

after a while most people forgot that camels had ever been brought to California, except in a circus.

The Pony Express. — The quickest way of getting letters to California from the East before there were any railroads across the mountains was by what was called the Pony Express. Just think of going from the Missouri River to Sacramento in less than ten days when it took five or six months to make the trip in a covered wagon! But that's what the Pony Express could do.

Brave young men were picked out to ride on fast-running ponies and carry small sacks of mail. The rider kept his pony on a run till he reached a station, where he leaped to the ground, then up again on the back of a

fresh pony that was already saddled and waiting, and off at a keen gallop. When Abraham Lincoln was made President, his great speech was carried by the Pony Express to the people of California.

By that time men were building railroads, and naturally when steam cars began to run to California, there was no more use for the Pony Express. But the swift runner had helped to make ready for the iron horse, and the strong young riders who did their work so well will not be forgotten. How the "iron horse" came to replace the flesh and blood horse we shall see in the next pages.

CHAPTER XVII

THE COMING OF THE IRON HORSE

The Great Need. — As soon as our state became so important, one thing that was needed very badly was a safer and a quicker way of traveling from the East to California and from California back to the East again. You have seen how, in the hurry of the gold days, and after that time, the covered wagon and the stagecoach were altogether too slow. The Pony Express, of course, could not take passengers, but even for carrying letters people wanted something that was faster and cheaper than the Pony Express.

There was one thing to do — to have a railroad clear across the country, from the East right into California. But could a steam railroad ever be built across the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada? Nothing like that had ever been done before. And then, think how much it would cost, and the trouble with the Indians, and how long it would take!

The "Big Four." — People talked and talked, and some men planned and planned for a railroad. There were all kinds of questions. What would be the best route for it? Where was all the money coming from? Should the government help in the great work of building the road?

The one man who really showed that a railroad could be built across the Sierra Nevada Mountains and who

studied carefully about the best route was Theodore D. Judah, a famous engineer. The big leaders who took hold of the task of really building the Pacific Railroad were four California pioneers — Leland Stanford, who was at one time Governor, Charles Crocker, Collis P. Huntington, and Mark Hopkins. They were called the "Big Four." Stanford was made president of the railroad company.

Central Pacific and Union Pacific. — The eastern part of the railroad started at Omaha and was built toward the west. This was the Union Pacific. The western part started at Sacramento and was built toward the east. This was the Central Pacific. So they were building from both ends toward the middle at the same time. When the two parts should come together, the railroad would be completed. Most of the workers on the Union Pacific were Irish; most of those on the Central Pacific were Chinese, for at that time there were a great many Chinese in California.

How the Work Was Completed. — Building the railroad was like a big race, or game — the Irish against the Chinese. On one single day between daylight and dark the Central Pacific men laid more than ten miles of railroad track. They had good reason for working fast; for the more miles they built, the more help the railroad got from the government.

It was in the spring of 1869 when the great work was completed. On the last day Stanford drove the golden spike which connected the rails. The Union Pacific locomotive drew its train slowly over the place where the golden spike was driven, and back again. Then the

Central Pacific locomotive did the same thing. A telegram was sent to President Grant at Washington which said: "Sir, we have the honor to report that the last rail is laid, the last spike is driven. The Pacific Railroad is finished." From that time on, it was really one big railroad on which passengers might ride in cars all the way from New York to California in less than a week. That was not much like the prairie schooner, was it?

After the railroad came, there was little need for the slow-going covered wagons. Even the six-horse stagecoaches were badly beaten in the race with the iron horse. People began to find it easy to come to California; so on they came by the thousand, traveling on the overland railroad into the Golden State.

Already several short railroads had been built in California, and more and more roads were being built all the time. Now it seems hard for us to think of the time when there were no such things as railroads.

PART VII: THE GOLDEN STATE

CHAPTER XVIII

SOME CALIFORNIA CITIES

In 1930 there were forty-seven cities in California each of which had more than 10,000 persons in it. Eleven of these had more than 50,000 each. They were: Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, San Diego, Long Beach, Sacramento, Berkeley, Pasadena, Glendale, San José and Fresno. If we should count all the cities, towns, and villages of our big state, we should find several hundreds of them.

There is something about each one of these places that makes boys and girls glad that they live there; and yet no two of them are exactly alike. In this book we must not try to describe all the interesting places or even to mention their names. But we must tell about a few of them, and ask the boys and girls to find out what they can about some of the others.

Los Angeles. — When Los Angeles was founded by the Spaniards a hundred and fifty years ago, no one could have dreamed it would ever become a big world city. Even after gold was discovered by Marshall, there were fewer than 2,000 persons in the whole town. Very few Americans lived there. For a long time the place was a sleepy little village.

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LOS ANGELES, SEVENTH AND HILL STREETS, 1907
Looking west on Seventh Street.

But in 1876 there was an awakening, for it was then that the railroad reached Los Angeles. After that it did not seem as if San Francisco and Sacramento were so far away, for people could go on the train instead of going on the slow stagecoach. Also people then began coming to Los Angeles from the East, and the place was rapidly changing into a real American city.

When the beach towns of Wilmington and San Pedro became a part of Los Angeles, it became a seaport city. The way the harbor was made at a place where many

Security-First National Bank, Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES, SEVENTH AND HILL STREETS TODAY
Looking west on Seventh Street.

people thought there could never be a good harbor was a big surprise to everybody.

In a very short time Los Angeles has linked southern California with the nations of the world, and now great ocean steamships, carrying freight and passengers — some sailing under American flags and others under the flags of other nations — make regular stops at the harbor. The amount of business is growing all the time. Immense cargoes of lumber come in from northern ports, and huge shipments of oil are sent out every month. But Los Angeles is also a leading center for air travel.

What do you suppose the covered-wagon pioneers would think if they could visit the busy airports at Glendale and Alhambra?

Water is brought all the way from Owens Valley to Los Angeles in a big pipe, or aqueduct, and as the city keeps on growing still more water will be brought all the way from the Colorado River. Thus there will be enough water, power, and fuel to last for many years to come. This helps to explain why there are so many factories and mills, and why more and more people come to southern California. And we must not forget the beautiful churches, and the many fine schools, all the way from the kindergartens to the University of California at Los Angeles and the University of Southern California. Of course no one could have dreamed of motion pictures in the old days of the Mexican pueblo; yet Hollywood, which is a part of Los Angeles, has become the chief place in all the world for the movies and the talkies.

The Los Angeles that we know is the home of far more than a million people. It is the largest city of all California. Besides the Americans, a good many persons who live here came from different countries, such as Mexico, Canada, Japan, China, England, Russia, and still other places. In some of the schools there are children belonging to families that came from more than a dozen different countries, but all these children are taught that they should love and respect the American flag.

Los Angeles has been called the "Wonder City of the

City Hall, Los Angeles

Californians, Inc.

DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO

From the Ferry Building to the skyscrapers of the financial district.

West." It has become one of the great cities of the world and growing larger all the time.

San Francisco. — San Francisco is the famous city by the Golden Gate. No other large city in the whole country has had quite the same variety of experiences as this city of St. Francis. Many are the trials and troubles it has seen. Chief of them all was the great fire and earthquake of 1906. But it has risen above all these troubles, and in triumph has become one of the leading cities of the United States. As it has grown big and strong, the people who live there have learned to love it more and more.

Golden Gate Park, covering more than a thousand

acres of land, is now one of the most beautiful parks, not only of America but of the world. It has a splendid museum, concert grounds for music in the open air, a find collection of animals and birds from many lands, and a wealth of wonderful shrubs and flowers bordering the wide, smooth driveways.

San Francisco has a handsome Civic Center, built entirely since 1906, which contains the City Hall, the Auditorium, the Public Library, and the State Building, all grouped around a central Plaza. There are a great many tall buildings in the city, making a remarkable sky line; people call it the "New York of the West." There are too many other interesting things even to mention here: the bay, with ferryboats and vessels of all kinds always moving about; the long water front, where ocean steamships and sailing vessels come from all parts of the world; the Ferry Building, with its tower clock, at the foot of Market Street, which extends from the water front through the heart of the city; the steep hills — Telegraph, Rincon, Nob Hill and the rest — once nothing but sand dunes; Chinatown, which has attracted many visitors ever since early days — these and other things woven into the romantic story make San Francisco seem as though it had a soul of its own, a city "loved around the world and by its own people best of all." Surely those who live there today have a good right to feel proud of the history of their city and of its importance to the entire Pacific Coast.

Serene, indifferent to fate,
She sits beside the Golden Gate.

Oakland. — A glance at the map shows that not many miles from San Francisco are several other important cities. Across the bay to the east are Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, and Richmond. All these and still others taken together give us what is called the "Bay District," one of the chief centers of population for all western North America. Oakland is the third city in size in California. It was not founded by Spaniards, but is a real American city. In 1860 it was a mere village of 1,500 people, but when the railroad came, it began to grow rapidly, until by 1930 it had a population of almost 300,000.

Some special features of Oakland are its towering City Hall, beautiful Lake Merritt, two museums with their collections of birds, animals, and other interesting things, and the fine driveways on the tree-covered hillslopes just beyond the city limits. Far-famed Mills College for girls is at the edge of the city. Every traveler has heard about the Oakland Mole, extending far out into the bay, where the Southern Pacific Railroad ends. This shortens the trip on the big ferry steamboats to San Francisco. During the last twenty years the water front has become very important, and this fact has made Oakland a leading city in commerce as well as a fine home city.

Berkeley. — The principal college town of all California is Berkeley, which is only a few miles from Oakland. Here the University of California was founded in 1868. It has grown so fast that it is now one of the largest universities in the world. Besides the many buildings

on the lovely campus, there is the great open-air theater and the huge "bowl" where big football games are played. The campus itself is a dream of beauty, with its great spreading live oaks, its hills and dells, lawns, and flowers, reaching from the city itself up to the very mountain side.

Berkeley is more than a college town. In forty years its population increased from little more than a village to a city of more than 80,000. Its growth has been a good deal like the growth of California as a whole.

Sacramento. — The capital city of California is Sacramento, located on the Sacramento River, about eighty miles northeast of San Francisco. Here, you remember, Sutter's Fort was founded in 1839; now the Fort has been rebuilt and has become completely surrounded by the city. In the exciting days of the Gold Rush Sacramento played a leading part in the history of California. Here you are in the very heart of the "Forty-Niner" country. The first railroad in the state was between Sacramento and Folsom; the route of the Pony Express and later of the Central Pacific Railroad ended at Sacramento.

It is in Sacramento that the Governor of California makes his home, and here is where the senators and the assemblymen from all parts of the state meet to make our laws. Capital Park, with its smooth lawns, its bright flowers, and wonderful trees, is one of the most beautiful parks you can find in any city. At the center is the Capitol Building. If you will climb up the winding stairs to its dome, you can look out over the country for miles and miles in all directions.

Sacramento, with a population now of 100,000, lies in the midst of a great region of farms and orchards, where almost every kind of grain and fruit and vegetable is grown. Northern California is famous for its live stock, for its poultry industry, and its dairying. Looking to the east, one beholds the Sierra Nevada, with its wondrous Lake Tahoe and Donner Lake, and the early trails of the gold hunters. Turning the eye westward, there is seen the Coast Range, with Mount Tamalpais standing like a guard above San Francisco Bay.

Sacramento is not only the capital of the state; it is also the largest city in northern California. The State Fair is held here every year. This has become one of the leading fairs of the country. The fine exhibits gathered there from every part of California are a big help in teaching the people what nature and man can do working together in a wonderful state.

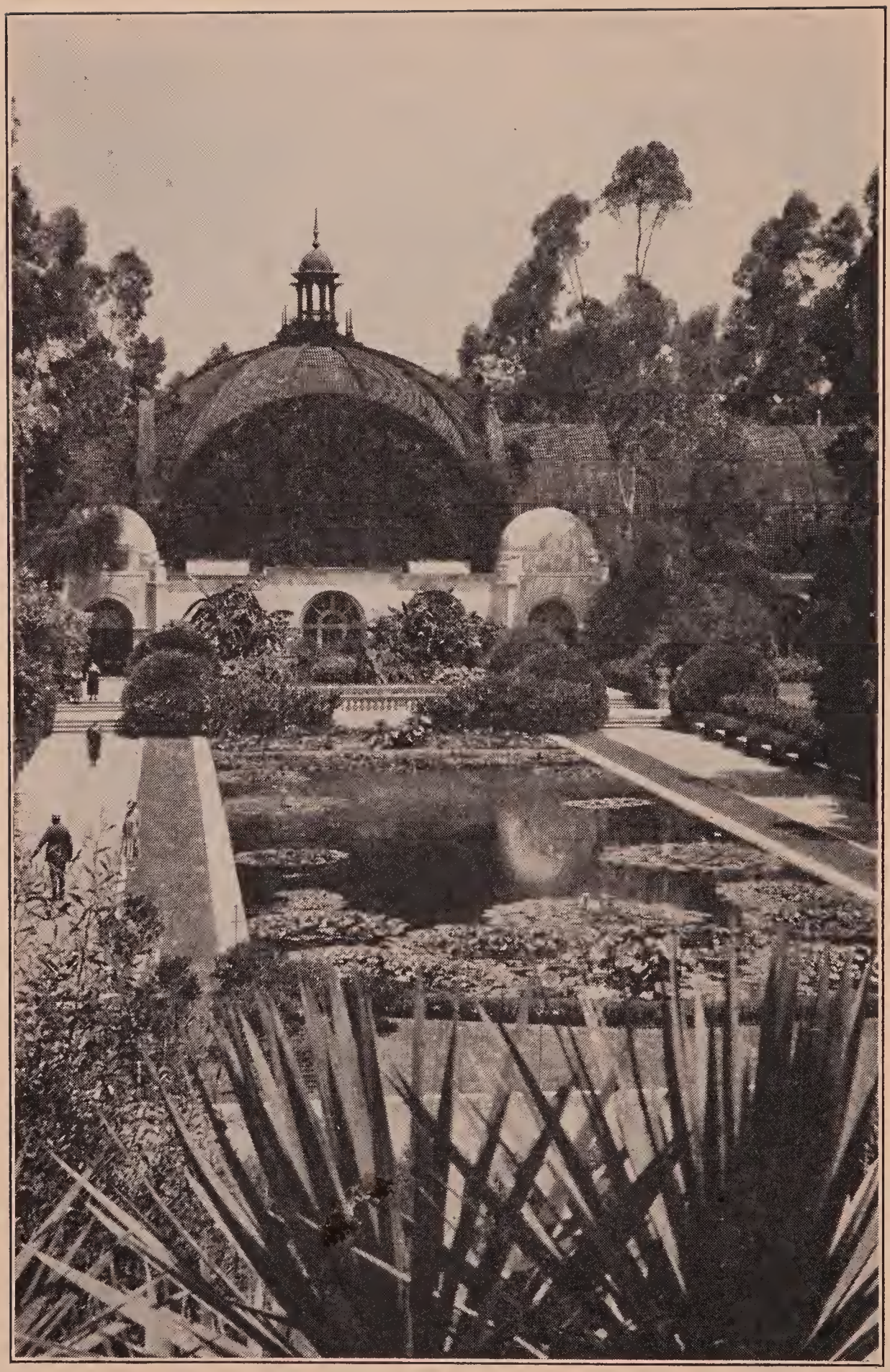
San Diego. — Of all the settlements made by white men in California, San Diego has the honor of being the oldest, for here it was that in 1769 the first mission and the first *presidio* were founded by Father Serra and Captain Portolá. Here, as we may say, is the spot "where California began." But the beautiful city as we know it now is one of the most modern in the state.

Until 1860 San Diego remained a little village, but since 1900 it has been one of the fastest-growing cities in the United States. Its population reached almost 150,000 by 1930. People who wish a mild climate, without much change from summer to winter, find

STREET SCENE, SAN DIEGO

special charm in this city, which looks out upon one of the best natural harbors that any city can boast.

To a person flying over San Diego in an airplane it looks as if the city had been build around a lovely park — and this is really what happened. Balboa Park has 1,400 acres, and it is famous for the great Cabrillo Bridge, the Indian Village, the outdoor pipe organ, its museums, and its trees and flowers. It was here that the grand Panama-California Exposition was held in 1915 and 1916, bringing visitors from all parts of the world. Beautiful buildings used in the Fair are still in the Park.



LILY POND IN BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO

The city has become a wonderful place for amusements on ocean, bay, or beach, or in the near-by mountains, or at the border of old Mexico. Six different beaches may easily be reached. Why do you think Mission Beach is called the "Coney Island of the Southland"? Directly across the quiet bay is Coronado, one of the most famous of all seaside resorts.

San Diego is known as the "Cradle of Western Aviation." It was from this city that Lindbergh started on his wonderful flight in 1927 to New York, then across the Atlantic Ocean to Paris. The end of the "Old Spanish Trail," starting in far-away Florida, is at San Diego. Here also is the end of the "Broadway of America," starting in New York. To the east of San Diego County, after crossing the mountains, you come to Imperial Valley, many feet below the level of the sea, which has been so wonderfully changed from desert sand to a garden by the toil of brave men and the use of water from the Colorado River.

San José. — Santa Clara Valley is both beautiful and productive. It has been called the "Valley of Heart's Delight." Its chief city is San José, which, as we have seen, was the first pueblo to be founded in California. That makes it now more than a hundred and fifty years old. At present it has a population of about 60,000.

Three miles west of San José is the town of Santa Clara, where Santa Clara Mission was founded in 1777, and where Santa Clara University is now located. The Alameda is the name of the lovely avenue between San José and Santa Clara. An automobile ride of twenty-five

miles takes one to Lick Observatory, with its big telescope, on the top of Mount Hamilton. Traveling northwest by train or automobile for forty-five miles, passing Palo Alto, Stanford University, Redwood City, and Menlo Park, and circling around an arm of the bay, one reaches San Francisco.

There are many factories in San José where different things are made, but what makes it more famous is that it has become one of the big fruit-canning and dried-fruit-packing centers of the country. Almost all kinds of fruits and berries are canned, and different kinds of jams, jellies, fruit salads, and fruit juices are made by the carload. With its fine schools, including the State College, its churches, and its beautiful surroundings, we may say that San José is the home of fruit and flowers and happy people.

Stockton. — The city of Stockton is in the center of the great valley of California, eighty miles east of San Francisco. All around the city there is a fruitful country, where thousands of farmers have made their homes. More farm machines are made in Stockton than in any other city in the state. The place has grown from a pioneer town into a city of about 50,000 people.

The leaders of Stockton have made plans for a deep water channel, so that big ocean ships will be able to sail from the San Francisco Bay into the San Joaquin River and right up to the city. Going west, it will be a voyage of about ninety miles to the Golden Gate. If you travel east by automobile or stage, you quickly come into what is called the Mother Lode country, where there were so

many rich mines in the gold days, and where Bret Harte and Mark Twain wrote some of their interesting stories. If you go on into the Sierra Nevada about California, you come to some of the grandest sights in the world, such as the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Trees. And now the city of Stockton, in addition to its fine schools and comfortable homes, has the College of the Pacific, which makes the people who live there more proud of their city than ever.

Fresno. — Farther to the south, in the very heart of San Joaquin Valley, about midway between Stockton on the north and Bakersfield on the south, is the city of Fresno, the center of what has become the world's greatest fruit-producing district. It was not until after the railroad came into the valley that Fresno began to look like a city at all, for in 1880 there were only about one thousand people in the village. In less than fifty years the population grew to more than fifty thousand.

For a good many years thousands of acres of waving fields of wheat could be seen in every direction from Fresno. But after the farmers had obtained plenty of irrigation water from the mountain streams, they began to grow more fruit and vegetables. Fresno County has more irrigated land than any other of the fifty-eight counties of California. In the whole world there is no other city that handles so much dried fruit as Fresno.

Besides the excellent public schools, there is the large Fresno State College. Roeding Park, with more than six hundred varieties of trees and shrubs, has gained fame for its beauty and as a fine playground for the

J. Walter Collinge, Santa Barbara

SANTA BARBARA COUNTY COURT HOUSE

people all the year round. Three national parks are within one hundred miles of Fresno. These are Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant, with its grand Kings Canyon country.

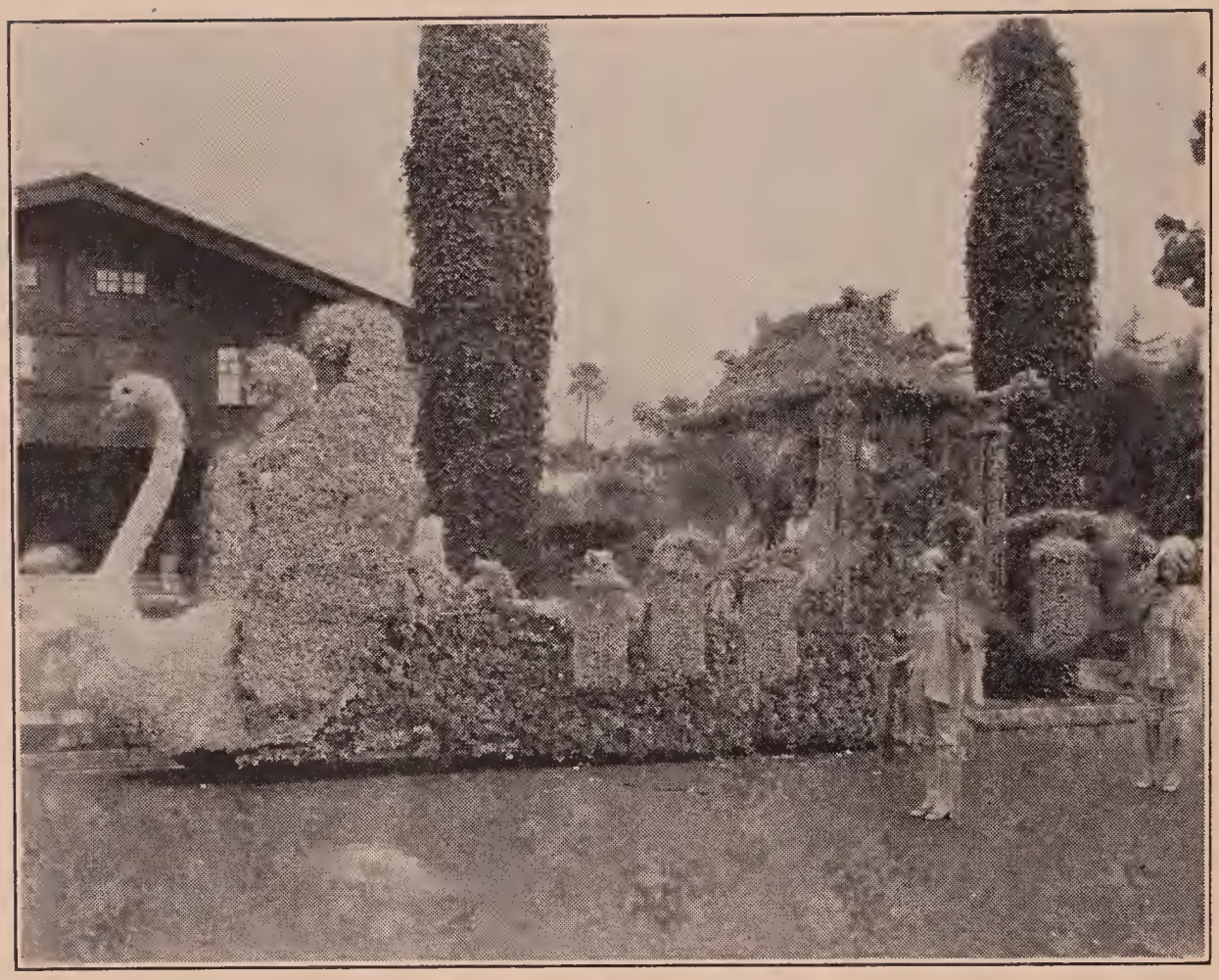
Santa Barbara. — One of the world's most charming cities is fair Santa Barbara, where the early *presidio* was built and where, a few years later, Mission Santa Barbara was founded. The site of the Mission was selected by Father Junipero Serra. The beautiful church, with its thick-walled towers, long corridors, and tile roof, has served as a model for most of the fine buildings of Santa Barbara.

There are houses with large inner courts, open to the blue sky; there are wide lawns, with shapely trees and brilliant flowers and shrubs; there is a certain passage-

"Old Spanish Days" Fiesta, Santa Barbara

way called "A Street in Spain"; and in the climate and surrounding scenery there is a charm and beauty not surpassed in Spain itself. On one side of the city is the ocean shore line looking out toward the Channel Islands, and on the other the glorious mountains, where men of wealth have built elegant homes for themselves.

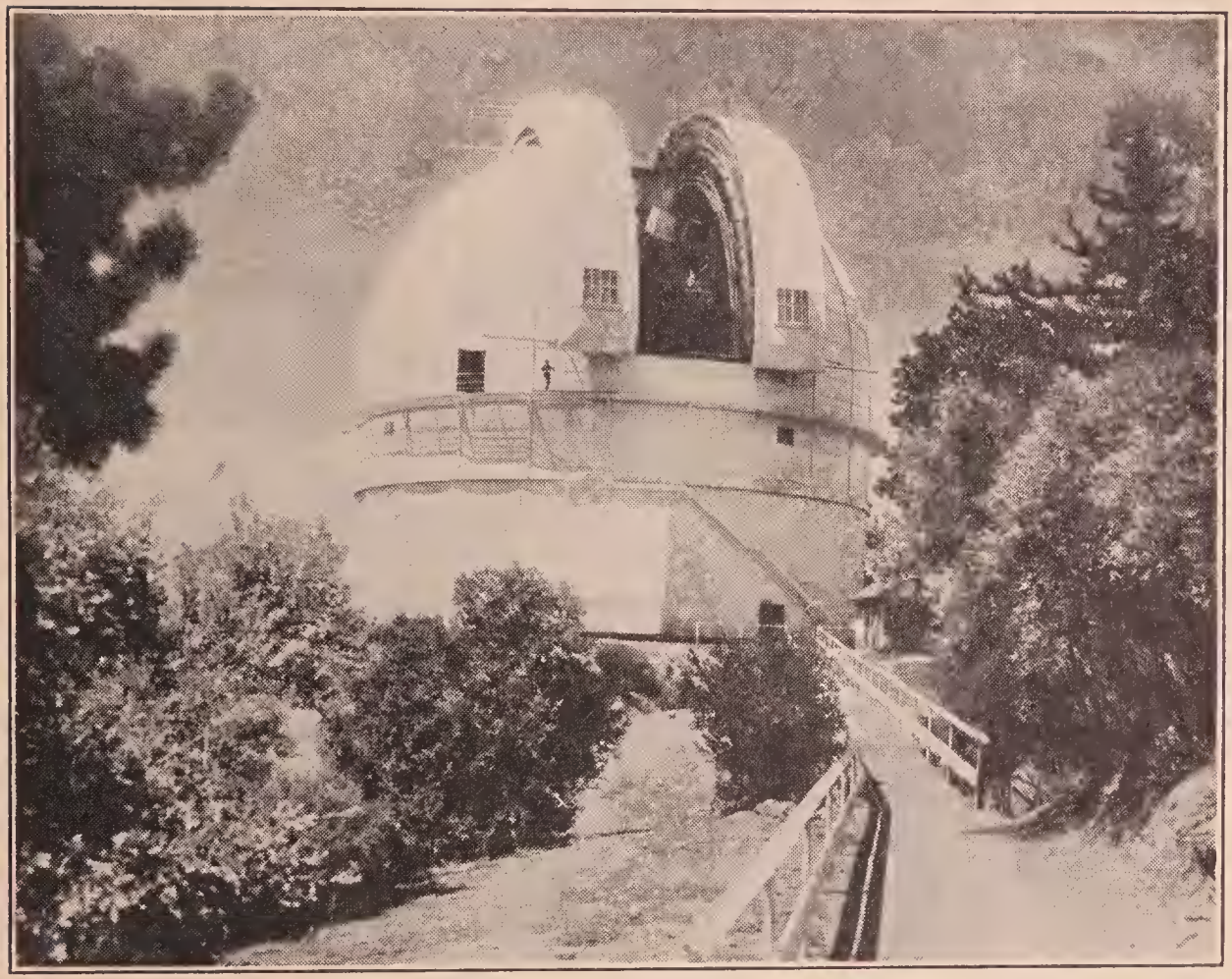
Every year, for a period of three days in the month of August, a grand fiesta called "Old Spanish Days" is held in Santa Barbara. Music is heard from early morn till late at night. Thousands of people of all ages, dressed as in old Spanish days — some of them on horseback, many on foot — stroll up and down the gaily



An Entry in Tournament of Roses, January, 1931

decorated streets, pausing now and then to look at the folk-dancing or at the passing parade. Everybody enjoys the freedom and homelike feeling that added so much to the romance of the Days of the Dons. We are not surprised that such people make the boast that in Santa Barbara California is at its best.

Pasadena. — Another truly modern city of California, and one of the most lovely cities of beautiful homes of any state is Pasadena, situated a dozen miles east of Los Angeles, almost at the foot of Mount Wilson and Mount Lowe. From a small town of less than 5,000 people in 1890 it became a city of more than 76,000 in 1930.



MT. WILSON OBSERVATORY, NEAR PASADENA

Pasadena may be entered over the great curved bridge high over Arroyo Seco; a more beautiful bridge it would be hard to find anywhere. One of the avenues in Altadena is called the "Street of the Christmas Trees." Can you guess why it was given such a name?

No city is more famous for its sunshine and roses than Pasadena. The Tournament of Roses has been held here every New Year's Day for more than forty years. The wonderful parade, with its scores of gorgeous floats containing millions of blossoms, is now seen by more than half a million people every year. These people come from all over the country, especially from the

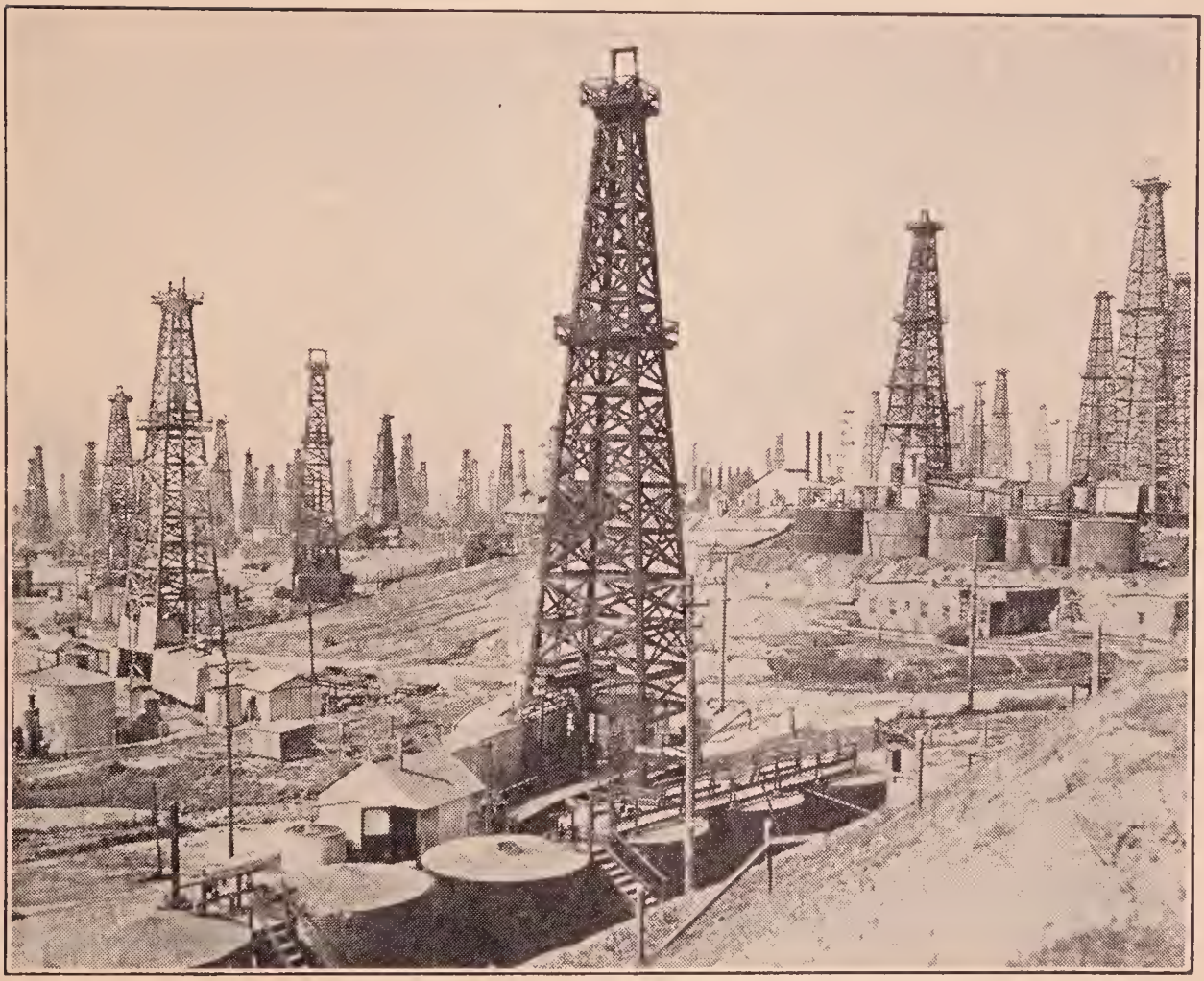
eastern states where the winter is very cold. But Pasadena is also a city of wonderful homes; and where could more charming homes be found?

Not far from the city, in the midst of a fruitful valley, stands San Gabriel Mission, one of the first to be founded by Father Serra. At San Marino there is the splendid Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, while a mile above the city, on the top of the mountain, is the great Mount Wilson Observatory, where learned men are always searching for the secrets of the stars.

Long Beach. — Twenty-miles south of the center of Los Angeles, looking out upon the Pacific Ocean, is Long Beach, one of the surprise cities of California. It is hard to believe that a little village of fewer than six hundred persons could in so short a time as forty years become a city of more than 142,000, yet that is the story of Long Beach. What was a quiet beach resort even thirty years before was in 1930 a great commercial city.

This young city has "seven miles of golden beach," which makes it an all-the-year-round playground for thousands of people. For their pleasure it has built the huge Rainbow Pier and the big Auditorium. There are all kinds of water sports along the water front and in Alamitos Bay — surf bathing, swimming, rowing, sailing, yachting, and about everything else you can think of. Then there is the lovely Amusement Zone, with its hundreds of places of play and entertainment.

Signal Hill oil field, whose many tall derricks can be seen for miles from any direction, is one of the largest



SIGNAL HILL OIL FIELD, LONG BEACH

oil fields to be found anywhere. Besides this there are several hundred industries of different kinds in Long Beach. A remarkable idea is the plan for connecting the harbor with Los Angeles harbor by means of a great breakwater, in such a way as to make one big harbor instead of two. The greater harbor will help all Southern California as well as Los Angeles and Long Beach.

Glendale. — Surrounded by hills and mountains, to the north of Los Angeles and less than half an hour away by automobile or electric car, is Glendale, the youngest of the young cities of California. But between 1920 and 1930 it grew so fast that it was called the "Fastest Grow-

ing City in America." In 1910 it was a village of 2,700; in 1930 it was a city of 63,000!

Glendale has many beautiful homes and fine schools, and is known for its straight, wide business streets. Near by are the sister cities of Alhambra and Eagle Rock, and the communities of the San Fernando Valley.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW CALIFORNIA HELPS TO FEED THE NATION

We have already learned that the California Missions had gardens, and that in these gardens the Spaniards grew oranges, lemons, olives, figs, and other fruits. But this was only a beginning of fruit growing in California. Since the time of the Missions, the Americans have made the Golden State the best in the whole country in the raising of fruits and vegetables. Many of the good things of a Thanksgiving dinner in far-off New England and of a Christmas dinner down in Virginia now come from sunny California.

Oranges. — Many years ago Mrs. Eliza Tibbetts, of Riverside, received two small orange trees that had been brought from South America. She took such good care of these trees that they grew fast and soon began to bear bright golden fruit. These were our first Washington Navel orange trees.

More oranges are now grown in California than anywhere else, and more than half of them all are navel oranges. They are sent to all parts of this country, and even to some other countries. Who does not know how good our California oranges are?

Other Fruits. — Most of the olives of the country are grown in the Golden State. And so it is with figs, pears, peaches, apricots, almonds, walnuts, and prunes. It

ORANGE GROVE

makes a true Californian feel proud to know that his state stands at the head of all the states in producing more than twenty different crops that grow from the soil. There are fine apples from hillside and valley, and from the heated desert there are dates as sweet as honey. Almost every kind of fruit that can be thought of is grown somewhere in California.

Grapes and Raisins. — Large and beautiful vineyards are also to be found here, with grapes of many kinds. Like the oranges, California grapes are sent to all parts of the country for people to eat and enjoy.

No other place produces so many raisins. If you are

DATE GARDEN, COACHELLA VALLEY

traveling in England, or Germany, or even Turkey, it will not be hard to find little packages of raisins that came all the way from Fresno.

Grain and Vegetables. — After the early gold days American farmers planted great fields of wheat in the central valley of California. These fields produced enough for millions of people. And besides the wheat, there were other fields of barley and oats; and besides the central valley, there were the smaller valleys and the sloping hillsides in all parts of the state.

Then later, when we learned how to save the water and to irrigate the crops, great fields of rice were planted

ORCHARD IN BLOOM, SANTA CLARA VALLEY

in the Sacramento Valley, and fields of cotton were planted in the San Joaquin Valley.

It is the same with all kinds of vegetables and berries and melons. For lettuce and cantaloupes there is no place like Imperial Valley, which used to be a desert. Trainloads of fine watermelons come from Lodi and Stockton, and Persian melons and cantaloupes from Turlock. On the islands where the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers come together, is to be found one of the biggest vegetable gardens of the world, where tons and tons of asparagus, celery, spinach, beans, and other things are grown. Some of the straight rows of asparagus plants are more than a mile long.

Of course there are other vegetables, like tomatoes, cucumbers, green peas, potatoes, onions, squash, cauliflower, carrots, and beets. Fresh vegetables, as well as fruits, are canned by the ton every year. These good things from California may be found on the dinner tables of thousands of persons all over the country in the winter time as well as in the summer.

Nowhere else in all the world can you find a place like California the Golden, for good things to eat from fields and orchards, vineyards and gardens; nor when we are thinking of good food must we forget the different kinds of meat, such as beef, mutton, and pork, nor the fish, nor the eggs, nor all the milk, butter, and cheese that come from our state.

Nature has given us the wonderful gifts of soil and water and power and sunshine. With these gifts it is possible for strong men, who work hard every year, to plant and harvest the rich crops with which California helps to feed the nation.

CHAPTER XX

CARING FOR THE FUTURE

Nature has been a kind Earth Mother to us. She has made many wonderful and beautiful gifts to California. That is why it is such a pleasant place in which to live.

Besides the large amount of gold and other minerals, there are the great forests, the water of the rivers and lakes and the ocean, the fertile soil, and still other things that make people proud of California. If we were asked which of all these is the best gift, we should have to say we could not tell; they are all so good, and there is need for them all. We wonder if any other state in the whole country can have so many fine gifts of Nature as California!

The Minerals. —After Marshall made his discovery at Coloma, people came flocking from everywhere in search of the gold of California. Even yet, after so long a time, a great deal of gold is mined every year in the state.

Besides gold there is enough of other minerals, like silver, copper, iron, and lead, to last for a good many lifetimes if people will only use them carefully. But these things must not be wasted.

For a good many years the most important of all our minerals has been not gold or silver, but oil. It is worth so much that it is sometimes called "black gold." You know it is oil that makes hundreds of railroad trains run

MARIPOSA BIG TREES

and many a steamship go, and it is from the oil that we get all the gasoline for our automobiles. What do you think would happen if all the oil were some day used up? Would not that be terrible? We must learn how to save more of it for the people that will be here after we are gone; for when it is all used up, men will not know how to make more of it.

The Forests. — California has some of the most wonderful forests in all the world. The Big Trees are the largest of all living things. And they are also the oldest. Who could ever forget a happy ride along the Redwood Highway, among the groves of giant trees that seem to

reach to the very sky? What a treat it is to look up at the Mariposa Big Trees or at their brothers in other groves? The forest kings and princes love to dwell in California. What is more beautiful than a tall, straight fir tree, or a spreading oak, or a giant sugar pine, with its long cones hanging down from the upper branches?

But have you ever been in the mountains where there has been a forest fire? What a sad sight is that! And is it not sad to think that thousands and thousands of beautiful trees have been burned to death, and that the beauty of the forest where the fire swept through has been spoiled?

The forests and the brush are needed to hold back the water after there has been a storm, and to keep it until it can be used, little by little, in the valleys below. We should do everything we can to prevent forest fires and to save our wonderful forests. Many young redwood, pine, fir, and cedar trees are now being planted every year, and they will be a help to the forests in years to come.

In California there are many national forests, all carefull guarded for the pleasure and use of the people. These places are great summer playgrounds for campers and tourists. More and more of them come to these beautiful playgrounds every year. A lovely forest is one of Nature's best gifts to man.

Water. — All the water comes from the ocean. The sun and the air cause very tiny drops of water to leave their ocean home and float through the sky in every direction on their long journeys till they become rain or

hail or snow, and fall upon the earth. Then they form little brooks, which flow together to form larger streams and rivers, and at last they find their way back to the ocean, when they are ready to start again on another long journey.

When rain and snow fall upon the mountain forest, the water is held until it has time to soak into the earth. Farther down the mountain side it comes bubbling out in some spring, or it forms a beautiful stream.

Without water there would be no forests, no gardens, no green grass or lovely wild flowers, no fields of ripening grain. We, ourselves, could not live without water.

In California there is need for all the water that comes from the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range Mountains as well as the water that falls as rain in the great valley between. It is needed to make the crops grow, to keep our lawns green, to make electric power for lights and machines; and — best of all — pure cold water is the best drink for all the people. In some parts of the state it does not rain very much; so much the more is the water needed there.

The Soil. — The soil is far more important to us than gold. "Gold, silver, or precious stones cannot keep us alive." The real wealth of the world is the soil. In the great fertile fields of California much more is produced than the owners can use for themselves. That leaves a part of it for the people who do other kinds of work, or who live far away.

If people wish to have plenty and remain prosperous, they must take good care of the soil and raise good crops

of grain and fruit and live stock. All our comforts, and everything needed for our food, clothing, and shelter, come in the first place from the soil. We could get along without a great many good things if we had to, but we could not get along without land. We must have it for our homes, for raising cattle, and for growing crops. From it all the minerals come; on it all the forests grow.

The Earth Mother has given us a state that is big and beautiful and filled with rich gifts. We have our mountains and our valleys, our forests and our flowers, our minerals and our water. There is good use for all these, and we should be glad to help Nature take care of them. Then they will last the people for many, many years.

CHAPTER XXI

WHAT MAKES CALIFORNIA GREAT?

We have learned something about the story of California, and we have seen that it is now a big, wonderful state.

When we think of its high mountains and wide valleys, its winding rivers and long ocean coast line, we know that Nature has been a kind mother. There is no pleasanter land to live in anywhere. Let us see if we can decide what it is that really makes California great.

Happy Days in Old California. — After many, many years when the only people living here were the Indians, Spanish explorers and discoverers came from far-away Europe and found this beautiful land. Men with kind hearts built the missions to help the Indians live higher lives, and other Spaniards came to build *presidios* and pueblos. Then there were the big ranches, with their cattle, sheep, and horses, where the people lived in peace and happiness in old California.

California Becomes American. — But before very long strangers began to come to spy out the land, and bold Americans crossed the mountains into this new-found land. Some of these bold men were sea captains, and some were trappers and traders. Then pioneers like John Bidwell came to set up their homes, and pathfinders like Captain Frémont wished that California might be-

come American. The Bear Flag was raised by a band of Americans at Sonoma; then in a little while the Stars and Stripes took its place and the place of the Mexican flag, and all California became truly American.

Gold was discovered, and people began to flock to the new land of El Dorado from all over the world, though most of them were Americans. Never was there anything like it before. We can never forget the stories about gold mining, nor the exciting times in San Francisco during the days of '49.

"All aboard for California!" was the shout of men all through the Eastern states, eager to get to the land of gold. Thousands came across the plains in covered wagons, and thousands more took the long ocean voyage in clipper ships and in steamboats. California became one of the American states, and it was growing greater every year. Pioneers came in long trains of prairie schooners; others came around the Horn or across the Isthmus. Later there was the Overland Stage and the Pony Express. But people were not satisfied till the railroad was built and they could cross the country in a single week. And now the airplane flies swiftly from ocean to ocean.

Growing in Greatness. — From the fertile soil Americans raised huge crops of grain and fruit and vegetables, and also great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. So California was able to help feed the people of the whole nation. And all the time more and more people came, till Los Angeles and San Francisco became great world cities, many other fine cities and towns were built up, and

California became one of the richest of all the forty-eight states of the Union.

Who is not proud of our Big Trees and lofty mountains, our rivers and beautiful lakes, our fields and our noble forests? Even the wild flowers and the birds and the animals add to the joy of living in sunny California. We love them all.

The California Spirit. — But greater than the gifts of Nature are the lives and traits of the pioneer fathers and mothers. From them we have the true California spirit. This it is that gives us the deepest feelings of pride. And today it is the happy homes, the fine schools, and the lovely churches that add so much to our riches. Our boys and girls are our finest gold.

Nature has been so kind to California, and so much has been done to provide us with the good things of life that we ought to love our state, obey the laws of the land, and try in every way to add to all that is good and true. Then each one of us can sing, "I love thee, California!"

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

(Marked as in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary)

Adobe, *ȧ*-dō′bĕ
Alhambra, ăl-hăm′br*ȧ*
Anian, ä-nē-än′
Arroyo Seco, *ă*-roi′ō sā′cō
Auditorium, ô′dĭ-tō′-rĭ-*ŭm*
Avalon, ăv′*ȧ*-lŏn
Aztecs, ăz′tĕks
Balboa, bäl-bō′ä
Bodega, bō̤-dā′gä
Cabrillo, kä-brēl′yō
Carreta, kär-rā′tä
Cavalier, kăv′-*ȧ*-lēr′
Cavendish, kăv′*ĕ*n-dĭsh
Cermenho, sĕr-mĕn′yō
Chico, chē′kō
Coloma, cō-lō′mä
Colorado, kŏl′ō̤-rä′dō
Corral, kō̤-räl′
Cortes, kō̤r′tĕs
Coyote, kō̤-yō′tā
De Neve, dā nā′-vā
Diablo, dyä′blō
El Camino Real, ĕl cä-mē′nō rā-äl′
El Dorado, ĕl dō̤-rä′dō
El Capitan, ĕl cäp-*ĭ* tän′
Exposition, ĕks′pō̤-zĭsh′*ŭn*
Eureka, ū-rē′k*ȧ*
Fandango, făn-dăŋ′gō
Gillespie, gĭ-lĕs′pĭ
Hydraulic, hī-drô′-lĭk
Ide, īd
Imperial, ĭm-pē′rĭ-*ăl*
Irrigation, ĭr′ĭ-gā′sh*ŭn*
Isthmus, ĭs′m*ŭs*
Jedediah, jĕd′ĭ-dī′*ȧ*
Junipero Serra, hōō-nē′pā-rō sĕr′rä
Kearny, kär′nĭ
La Pérouse, lä pā-rōōs′
Los Angeles, lōs än′hå-lās
Magellan, m*ȧ*-jĕl′ăn
Matanza, mä-tän′sä
Mendocino, mĕn′dō-sē′nō
Monterey, mŏn′t*ĕ*-rā′
New Albion, nū ăl′bĭ-*ŭn*
Observatory, ŏb-zûr′v*ȧ*-tō̤-rĭ
Panama, păn′*ȧ*-mä′
Pasadena, păs′*ȧ*-dē′n*ȧ*
Philippines, fĭl′ĭ-pēns
Plaza, plä′z*ȧ*
Portola, pōr′tō̤-lä′
Presidio, prā-sē′dyō
Pueblo, pwĕb′lō
Ranchera, r*ȧ*n-chā′rō
Rancho, r*ȧ*n′chō
Reata, rā-ä′tä
Rincón, rĕn-kōn′
Rodeo, rō̤-dā′ō
Sacramento, săk′r*ȧ*-mĕn′tō

San Diego, săn dē-ā′gō
San Fernando, fĕr-nän′dō
San Gabriel, gā′brĭ-ĕl
San Joaquin, wä-kēn′
San José, hō̤-sā′
San Luis Obispo, lo͞o′ĭs ō̤-bĭs′pō
San Pedro, pē′drō
Santa Barbara, săn′ta bär′bä-rä
Santa Catilina, kăt′a lē′na
Santa Cruz, kro͞oz
Santa Monica, mŏn′ĭ-ka
Sarape, sä-rä′pā
Sequoia, sē̤-kwoi′a
Shasta, shăs′ta
Sierra Nevada, sĭ-ĕr′a nē̤-vä′da
Sombrero, sŏm-brā′rō
Sonora, sō̤-nō′ra
Tahoe, tā′hō
Temescal, tĕm′ĕs-käl′
Tortilla, tō̤r-tēl′yä
Tules, to͞o′lĕs
Vallejo, vă-lā′hō
Vancouver, văn-ko͞o′vĕr
Vaquero, vä-kā′rō
Vizcaino, vēth′kä-ē′nō
Wikiup, wĭk′ĭ-ŭp′
Yerba Buena, yĕr′ba bwā′na
Yosemite, yō̤-sĕm′ĭ-tē̤

OREGON
IDAHO
Pictographic Map of CALIFORNIA
MT. SHASTA
LASSEN PEAK
REDWOODS
DONNER LAKE
LAKE TAHOE
SACRAMENTO
MT. TAMALPAIS
DRAKE'S BAY
GOLDEN GATE
SAN FRANCISCO
YOSEMITE
BIG TREES
GEN. GRANT AND SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARKS
MONTEREY
MT. WHITNEY
DEATH VALLEY
SAN LUIS OBISPO
BAKERSFIELD
SANTA BARBARA
MOJAVE DESERT
MT. LOWE
LOS ANGELES
HOLLYWOOD
CATALINA ISL.
PALM SPRINGS
CANTALOUPES
CARRISO GORGE
SAN DIEGO
COTTON
MEXICO
NEVADA
ARIZONA
PACIFIC OCEAN
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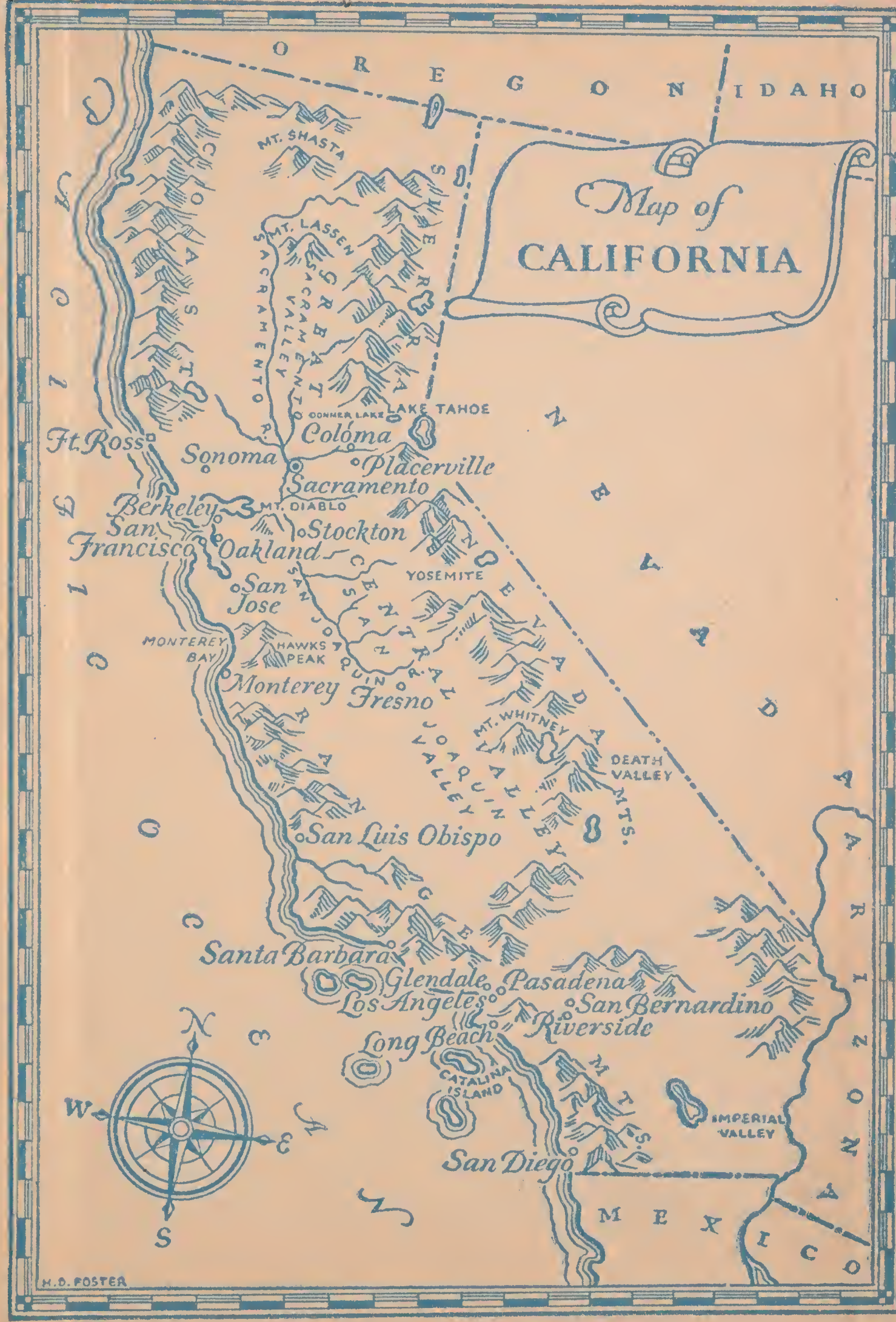
Map of
CALIFORNIA
OREGON
IDAHO
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ARIZONA
MEXICO
PACIFIC OCEAN
COAST RANGES
SIERRA NEVADA
CASCADE RANGE
MT. SHASTA
MT. LASSEN
SACRAMENTO VALLEY
SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY
CENTRAL VALLEY
DONNER LAKE
LAKE TAHOE
Colóma
Ft. Ross
Sonoma
Placerville
Sacramento
Berkeley
MT. DIABLO
San Francisco
Oakland
Stockton
YOSEMITE
San Jose
MONTEREY BAY
HAWKS PEAK
Monterey
Fresno
MT. WHITNEY
DEATH VALLEY
SAN LUIS RANGE
San Luis Obispo
Santa Barbara
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